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YOUTH, LOVE AND MEMORY.

BY CHARLES CONNOLLY.

Youth built an altar
Where Love might adore
The bright saint of his worship
Through time evermore.
And around it he wreathed
Flowers fresh from the stem,
And entwined them with many
A beautiful gem.

Then Youth onward passed,
With the sunniest smile
That Love ever wore
On his brow all the while;
And Love at Youth's altar
Gave hardly a sigh
That a being so fair
Had forever gone by.

But alas! Never more
Was his smile half so bright,
As when it blest Youth
With its radiant delight!
Love at length weary grew;
By the altar he slept;
While Memory entered
And over him wept.

For while Love was sleeping
The glory had gone
Of the fire that once
O'er Youth's altar had shone;
She turned to kindle
The smoldering ray,
And Love woke up slyly—
And then stole away!

Her task when complete,
She turned around then,
To wake Love to his watch
By the altar again;
But sadly she found
That dear Love had flown,
And Memory stood at
Youth's altar alone!

But still in her sorrow
She looks through her tears
For a glimpse of lost Love
On the desert of years.
One summer eternal
His roses have shed
O'er Youth's shrine a pathway,
Wherever it led;
And Love still pursues him,
While Memory keeps
Her watch by the altar
And evermore weeps.
But if angels in Heaven
E'er mourn above,
It is when they see Memory
Weeping for Love.

The Ocean Girl:

OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,
AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUISE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NED DRAKE AND DIRTRICK.

WERE we to dive into the secret history of boys' hearts, we should find that, while few had not at one time wished themselves Robinson Crusoe, scarce one had ever wished himself a pirate! The very word is abhorrent to the natural instincts, and only the utterly lost, no matter what may have been their social scale, have so disgraced both bravery and honor.

At a time when the police of the seas was somewhat more carelessly kept than it is now; when, despite the men-of-war which kept watch and ward near every shore; despite the revenue cutters that haunted every port—smugglers did a rare trade, and the business of slavers was at a premium—the coast of England especially afforded facilities for the fitting out of lawless cruisers, which, since the introduction of steam, can never occur again.

No more can a taut schooner lie hidden in some creek, or swash, or gut, awaiting such a wind as shall enable it, by means of its light draught, to choose its own time, and run forth while its royal enemy is bearing up to windward; no more dare the crews of such craft to use violence with coast-guard men, or tars who are sent to board her—the romance of smuggling is at an end.

But at the time of which we speak, it was very different. Then, under a mistaken policy; the temptation to smuggling between Great Britain and other shores was so great, the facilities so wonderful, and the sympathies of the British masses so universal, that though every point—north, south, east, and west—had its contraband cove, bay, cavern, or ruin, scarcely ever were they betrayed; while some, though their hamlets were known, defied the most earnest researches of the minions of the law for two centuries.

Somewhere near where the Nore Light rides, a guardian angel on the English coast, lay at anchor, on a certain night, a taut, smart, and well-looking brigantine, that any sea tyro could have told by daylight, had reefed all its studding-sail gear, crossed its royal yards, put on its chasing gear, probably put its powder on board—in a word, was ready to take its departure at any moment.

It was eleven o'clock, and the quiescent ocean to the eastward seemed, in the murky light, something like a vast prairie, except that there was more sound upon the waters than would, perhaps, at night have disturbed the vast plains of the extensive West. On board the brigantine they seemed to keep but a harbor watch, no one being visible on deck until the hour we have mentioned, when three individuals might have been seen moving along the deck. Next instant a boat that towed astern was hauled up, and all entered it.

The bow of the vessel was seaward, denoting that the tide was running up, which was of advantage to the light skiff, its way being in that direction. The crew that entered it appeared to consist of two men and a boy, the latter seating himself in the stern

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Ned Drake Adrift.

sheets, while the former rowed in the direction of the Kentish shore, or rather that portion of it which belongs to the Isle of Sheppey.

The youth, who steered, was wrapped in a boat-cloak, and appeared to assume to himself all the incipient airs which belong to midshipmen, when those young gentlemen, instead of being educated lads, taking wine after dinner, with a handsome mess service and wax tapers, were wont to gnaw hard salt junk, mostly biscuits, washed down by rum and bilge-water, the whole scene illumined by a greasy dip, that dropped upon a table-cloth of no particular color.

The boy was, perhaps, thoughtful. Well he might be! He was an orphan, utterly ignorant of his own history, nurtured in a nest of smugglers; by a singular accident well-educated, accustomed, ever since he could walk, to things contraband and illegal, and now, something told him, about to enter on some enterprise more desperate, more venturesome and illegal, than any yet which it had been his fate to see.

Edward Drake—such was his name—had been brought up from his earliest infancy by a woman known as "Old Meg," from whose hands he had passed into those of Joseph Ganling, the smuggler, captain of the Ocean Girl. At seven they made him useful; at nine he fractured his legs, by a fall in the hold, so badly that the course of a seaman was glad to leave him ashore for some time. Three months was the time agreed on, but it was extended to three years, from the fortunate accident, to Edward, of the smuggler being unable, during that interval, to show himself in England.

The lord of the manor, Sir Stephen Rawdon, had him taken in hand; and what with the baronet, himself a sailor, his daughter Too, and the mild curate, Edward had a fine time of it. All saw his natural parts and talents, and were determined to come in aid of them. During the years that intervened between nine and twelve, Edward received the education of a gentleman.

Then came Joseph Ganling, his presumed uncle, a blunt, burly sailor fellow, who claimed him, rather authoritatively Sir Stephen thought, and the boy returned to his vessel. But as the skipper never treated him cruelly—on the contrary, with tenderness, respect, and even forbearance—the sailor-lad had little to complain of. It is true that during his three years of schooling his free-and-easy notions had been somewhat staggered, but two years now of free-trading had again somewhat blunted his sensibilities, while awakening in him that adventurous spirit which was once so prevalent in the English navy.

With these preliminary remarks and explanations we have sought to pass the time while pulling from the brigantine to the heavy and somber cliffs, to the foot of which Edward was steering his frail and fragile bark. The boy he had selected appeared a most unpropitious spot, being land-locked on every side but that by which they had entered, and from which they could see nothing but that vast expanse of waters that stretched in that direction to the shores of the Continent.

The boy, having guided the boat into a small creek, cast aside the cloak by which he was guarded against the night breeze, loosened his dirk, examined his pistols, and leaped lightly ashore.

"Smoke your pipes, my hearties. If any long-legged chaps come near, give 'em a wide berth," said the youth; and then walked away with the pride and authority of an admiral.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the gruff sailors, who, lawless and rough as they were, loved, almost as much as they admired, the daring boy who had been their leader and associate in many a perilous adventure and hair-breadth escape.

The young sailor—or as we may at once call him, the Young Buccaneer—though very slight, was tall for his age, and, if not entitled to any privileges of manhood, appeared, at all events, to claim them; for now that his cloak was removed, he could

have been seen in the careless undress of a naval officer, with a red sash round his waist, in which were stuck, in addition to his dirk, a brace of somewhat large pistols.

He seemed thoroughly aware of the path, which lay up the cliff, and was so steep and rugged that no one but a person utterly reckless of his safety would have followed it, unless confident of himself. To any one else, in that dark night, the danger would have been appalling, what with the darkness, the perpendicular nature of the precipice, added to which was the sullen roar of the sea dashing against the rocks below.

About half-way up, the youth halted as if to reconnoiter; nor did he do so a moment too soon, as might be discovered by the angry way in which he was addressed. "What lubber's brat is that?" asked a gruff voice. "Is it egg-stealing you are there, at this time of night? Advance, and if you can open your jaw-tackle—let us have the word."

"What will three oar-blades of a row and a pistol-shot bring?" asked the boy, in laughing tones.

"A broadside, you powder-monkey. But where's your three oar-blades of a row in a cockle boat like yours?" continued the irate sailor.

"The officer having left it," said Edward Drake, with dignity, "there are but two men; but if you don't let me pass, Dirtrick, I must give you a rap on the head to teach you manners."

"Ned, by Gorn!" cried the other, laughing. "Law, how these boys do grow, and how cheeky they get!"

"Sir!" said the other, respectfully.

"Do not talk in that way to your superior officer," said Dirtrick.

"I won't, sir—beg pardon, sir," said Edward, giving his hand to the sailor with the air of a prince. "Is the skipper within?"

"He is, Master Ned."

"I will go in, then. If there's time, I'll come and have a yarn."

And speaking thus, the young buccaneer turned a dark corner of the rock, and disappeared.

The sentry rescued himself, took an extra bite of "baccy," and looked out once more upon the channel of the great river. His was a history which, from sympathy, connected itself much with that of Edward. The man—a stout, under-built, awkward sailor of forty—did not even know his country. His face had something Dutch in it, with a Spanish complexion. He spoke a little but English, while he was an excellent and admirable sailor. His name was Dick—from his complexion called Dirty Dick by his enemies, Dirtrick by his friends. This appellation, having rather a foreign sound and look, satisfied the founding, who to many good qualities united one characteristic not very useful in his profession, that of sterling honesty and sound simplicity.

But if his moral qualities made the sentry somewhat of a butt, on the part of his companions, his great physical powers, on the other hand, necessarily made him respected, especially as they were never brought into play except in dire self-defense, or to protect the weak and oppressed.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAVERN CABIN.

THE young officer of the Ocean Girl had entered one of those many resorts of smugglers, and often of worse characters, which then were to be found not only upon the British coast, but in English forests and deserted quarries. The dealers in contraband availed themselves gladly of every thing like a safe retreat—the subterranean passages of old castles and ruins, the vaults of a church, an empty house, the stable or the vicarage, were all one to them, so that they were out of the way. But caverns were preferred, as in most cases the knowledge of them was confined to the smugglers, who handed it down traditionally from father to son.

The one to which we now introduce our readers could many a tale have unfolded had those bare black walls been capable of speech; not more, perhaps, than many a ruined tower that once held its head on high to the world, like some tall bully, but more of a peculiar character. It was a secret to every soul on the island except the smugglers and their associates. Originally it had been natural, but art had improved it. It exists no longer; big ships now ride at anchor where it stood. So rapid, in certain parts, are the encroachments of the sea.

The yawning mouth of the cavern gave, however, no idea of its vastness, for as you went further in it became higher and more arched. On the pathway were huge masses of flint, lumps of stone, scattered about as if by accident, but, in truth, acting as indications for the initiated. The youth walked steadily forward, as if familiar with the place, until he was in total darkness.

He then halted, and gave a shrill whistle. Scarcely had the echoes died away within the vault, when a rough door opened, a man appeared, holding a torch, and the lad passed through to descend six or seven rude steps into a large apartment, provided with a fire, tables, chairs, and tenanted by half a dozen rude sailors, in Guernsey frocks, red caps, and high boots, whose countenances were certainly not recommendatory of their characters.

At one end was a small, well-made door, while to the left could be seen a hollow, containing the commencement of a spiral staircase that led upward to the summit of the cliff. Such was the renowned smugglers' cave of Sheppey Island, which for centuries was the retreat of contraband dealers, spies, and political outcasts, and which, within the present century, the remorseless waves have utterly destroyed.

Nodding familiarly to the rough assembly around him, Edward Drake passed through the public room, and knocked at the small door on the opposite side.

"Come in!" said a deep, commanding voice.

Edward entered, and pulled the door behind him. Any one who had not been accustomed to the place, might well have rubbed his eyes and asked himself if indeed he were not dreaming, so startling was the change from the rough cavern to the apartment in which he now stood. It was the perfect fac-simile of a ship's cabin in shape and furniture, and of a ship's cabin, too, of the superior order, its equipments bearing every mark of wealth and luxury.

The lamp that swung from the ceiling was of silver, and of a suspiciously sacred shape, while around were cut-glass mirrors, plates, and even hangings, which but half concealed the two standing bed-places.

But, despite the ornamentation of this fantastic abode, few would have looked long at it, while tenanted by one every way so striking as its sole inhabitant. He was about five feet eight inches in height, tall enough for symmetry, the very standard for strength and agility. His face, which was rather regular than handsome, was marked by bold and haughty characteristics. The love of power could be traced in every line, a firm and determined nature in the compressed mouth and well-formed chin, while the gray and wicked eyes told of one who, whether for ill or whether for good, having once formed a purpose, rarely was turned from it.

From good he sometimes was, from evil never.

His costume was that of a naval officer, of no particular navy—it might have been borrowed from a theatrical property man, or it might have been made by a fancy tailor. However this might be, it became

Joseph Gantling well, showing off his firm and well-proportioned figure to advantage. Before him on the table were a chart, a pair of compasses, a bottle, some glasses, and a pipe, like a true sailor, the buccaneering smuggler being fond of his tobacco, of which, on shoreward on board, he had the choicest that could be found from York River to Spanish Main, from the Mediterranean to Latakia.

The young officer stood still, waiting his captain's pleasure.

"By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes," he said, lifting his head, with a light laugh. "Sit down, Ned. I want a long and quiet talk with you. There's the grog, and there's the water, there's a pipe, and there's tobacco."

"Thank you, sir," he cried. "I will wet my lips with nantz, but no tobacco. I'm a counter-blast."

"Ay, ay, boy!" said the skipper; "just as you will. But now to business. The night is far gone, and we may have to sail early. I want you to take in every word I say; listen, and remember. But Ned, as you and I may differ, I want one promise—agree or not to my proposals, and 'tis the same between us—just say, 'ay' or 'nay,' on your solemn word, under no circumstances will you reveal what I shall say."

"On my solemn word, all that passes shall be a profound secret," replied Edward.

"'Tis well-spoken like a man. Now hearken. I am a rough sailor. I have, when my blood has been up, closed my ears to the voice of mercy, and seen blood shed without blanching. I have defied, and ever shall defy, the laws of God, for the sake of exchanging my tea, spirits, silks and lace for other people's money. Men fear me, the mother lugs her child with awe at mention of my name. I am to the world a smuggler, a pirate, a corsair—what have I been to you?"

This was said hoarsely, and with deep emotion.

"A kind and good father," said the boy, warmly.

"No! no!" exclaimed Gantling, with a slight shudder; "not a father, but a friend and protector."

"Well, sir, a generous protector."

"Even so let it be. You have seen me rough, brutal and violent; making my very crew shiver with fear. Did you ever fear me?"

"Never."

"I like your frankness, Edward. Well, forty and odd years make a great change in a man. Much as I love my sea-boat, that sits the waters like a swan, and cuts them like an arrow, I am weary of this life and would end it."

"Sir?"

"Think not I am going to sell my brigantine, buy me a lust-house, like a Dutch Meinher, and settle down into a beer-swilling, tobacco-smoking old fogey. Not I! I dream of something better. What say, boy, to one more cruise that shall bring us more profit to the mill than any we have ever tried, and then away to some island of the sunny south, known to me, and known as yet to none besides; where Nature asks not even for our labor, but gives in rich abundance to all who will take? There, my boy, with this vessel and a chosen crew, we should be kings, sea-kings, with thousands to obey our will, from graybeards to girls dusky as night, but night with all her stars, their sunburnt blood mantling such clear, nut-brown skins as—well, never mind. You shall see my coral beauties, I call them mine, as wrecked there once, I have left a memory or two behind."

"Where is this island?" asked the youth, half-fascinated.

"Under the burning sun, my lad, many months from here. That I consider settled. Never did I see such a land, never so gentle and amiable a people—naked, they used me well; but with a ship at my back and wealth to give them, all they set store by in the land is our crown, Ned. I will be king, you shall be my heir."

Edward laughed, but at the same time the gleaming of his eyes showed that he liked the idea.

"I was once," continued Joseph Gantling, speaking now between his set teeth, "I was once in the service of my country. Why or wherefore I left it, it boots not to tell. I left it, and though still I am an Englishman, and love my native land, I loathe and abhor her rant rulers, who—no matter what they did. When I think of it my blood boils, my cheek is coral red, and I feel that I must go mad, or be avenged."

"Avenged!" said Ned Drake; "how can you be more avenged than you have been? If depriving them of revenue is any satisfaction, you have done that to a pretty tune."

"The theft of a hen-roost or a brood of lubberly turkeys affects them as much," continued Captain Gantling, bitterly; "but I have them now; I can now make the hearts of some in high places bleed; I can—I can—" he gasped, "revel in their gold; I can hold in my hand lives dear to my very enemies themselves; I can have such vengeance as shall make all England rue the day she raised her hand against one who—no matter—no matter—will this restless tongue never wag like other men's? Now comes the question—Will aid me, boy?"

"I must know more," said Edward, quietly.

"Know more!" cried the skipper, while a blood-red spot burned upon his cheek. "How dare—"

"I dare do any thing but obey orders blindfold!" exclaimed Ned.

"True! true!" muttered Gantling. "Chip of the old block. I must wholly trust him, or not at all."

"The best plan."

"I will. To-morrow or the day after, or when it suits our noble rulers, a vessel, a large East Indian, sails past here on her way to distant parts. She is richly freighted; boy, she carries out treasure untold; she takes men of mark and rank and name, and noble women, and joyous, light-hearted girls—and, and—mine enemy."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir," repeated Joseph Gantling, with an oath, "you would weary a saint. That ship, cargo, crew and passengers will be mine. I mean to have them all."

"What to do with?" asked Ned, quietly.

"To do with—the ship to burn, the treasure to keep, the crew may do as they please, the passengers to sell, mine enemy to slay," cried the captain, wildly.

"And the young women, sir?"

"We shall want wives in our new kingdom, as perhaps all may not care for dark skins and dewy eyes."

"Then, sir," said Edward, coldly, rising, "seek some other accomplice; for not only will I not be yours, but ere you start on this

fell enterprise, I shall leave the brigantine."

A lioness snarl of her cubs looked not more fierce or remorseless than Gantling at this word.

"You young whelp!" he cried, hoarsely; "leave the brigantine!"

"Yes, sir. But listen. I have been brought up by you. I have, with every fresh hour of my life, learned to love and admire the life of a free rover of the seas. But, while ready to aid you in winning this ship, in gaining this treasure, the fight once over, I must have your solemn pledge that no human life shall suffer, and that passengers and crew shall go where they list unharmed, even if you put them on a desert and abandoned island."

The corsair thought deeply as the other spoke. He was not all bad. Real or imaginary ills had driven him to a course of life which usually blunts every noble sympathy, and gives full swing to hate, ambition, guile, a man's soul against himself as much as against the great mass of mankind. Those who were aware of his early history, said that what he might have been few could say; and yet his early exploits were such as to give promise not only of greatness but much nobility of character, ere he knew himself a villain—guilt's worst instrument, driven forth to war against mankind.

"You have spoken of your holder deeds," exclaimed the lad; "you have, I know, fought many a king's ship and conquered—but, what of that?—no life taken in cold blood rests upon your soul."

"Who said it did?" replied the captain, in a hollow, hoarse tone; "who dares say it?"

He added, rising and pacing the cabin, with a hurried tread, upcast eye, clenched fist, and flushed cheek; "but with you, Edward," he continued, "I will not quarrel. There is a spell about you which makes me do your will, when another, if he had all hades to back him, would not make me move. What ask you of me?"

"Life for crew and passengers."

"And mine enemy?"

"Let me judge between you."

"You!" cried Captain Joseph Gantling, retreating to the doorway with surprise and evident alarm; "no—my enemy is my own. You spoke of some desert island. It may not be convenient to dispose of them any other way—but you shall have your will, Ned; mine the ship and treasure, yours the passengers and crew."

"On your oath as a man?"

"That is sufficient," said Edward Drake, who now freely helped himself to a glass of grog.

"You see, my lad," observed the skipper, lighting his pipe eagerly, as if to change the current of his thoughts. "I've already six friends on board; but now they've signed articles, I almost wish I hadn't sent them. It's Jabez Grunn and his lot."

"I thought you had started that ruffian for good," said Ned, with a flushed cheek.

"A smuggler is not quite his own master," observed Captain Joseph; "these lads were dangerous ashore, so I contrived to get them on board the Duke of Kent. Still, I know, I can not trust them; but you I can, Ned, so you must join the ship."

"I see—how can that be—as cabin boy?"

"As passenger, if needs be," replied Gantling; "but of that we will devise as we go along. Now, it is time to roost. I have a watch set."

"But the skip?"

"Was sent away as soon as you entered."

No more was said on either side; the skipper, slightly heavy with grog, turning in to sleep. Edward Drake to doze and think of the wild, adventurous and hazardous undertaking on which he had embarked.

It must have been noted that we speak of days long past, when, in the opinion of most persons, the unlawful trader was a kind of hero, and reprobation lavished only on the merciless and sanguinary pirate. This distinction had double weight with one who, like Edward, loved the sea, and had been educated in the very hold of a smuggling vessel.

CHAPTER III.

THE STERN CHARGE.

The early morn was pregnant with life, the sweet and balmy air, and the gay sunshine, made the faint greenery of the trees look cheerful and pleasant, while the merry birds sung on every wooded slope and broke the solitude of covert and thicket. A balmy breeze came kindly over the waters from the northward.

Captain Gantling and his young officer were now on the summit of the cliff, to which they had ascended by means of the spiral staircase already alluded to, and which terminated in a hut of clay and shingle, which was erected against the broad back of an ancient look-out tower, and which answered the purpose of an alchouse, though seldom visited except by the smugglers and their friends.

Captain Gantling stood at the very edge of the cliff looking down upon his vessel, which lay at anchor at some distance, and yet not so far but that any one might have been struck with the order and symmetry with which the tall spars rose toward the heavens, from the black mass of the hull, and with the rigging that hung in the air, one dark line crossing another, until all design seemed confounded in the confusion and intricacy of the studied maze.

"Isn't she lovely?" said Captain Gantling, who on all matters connected with his ship was warmly enthusiastic.

"She is," replied Edward, whose looks, however, were directed up the Thames, watching, with interest, the many vessels, small craft, and sail-boats that dotted the water, their white sails floating in the distance, like sea-gulls' wings, now dark and gloomy-looking, just as the flashing sun shone on them or not.

"Yonder, in a line with Crowstone," continued Edward, "is a tall brig, which methinks carries his Majesty's pennant."

"Where away?" cried the smuggler, in an eager, anxious voice.

"Between the Crowstone and Leigh heights."

The captain took a long and careful survey, after which he closed his telescope with a crash.

"'Tis the man-of-war sloop, Thunder," said he, hotly; "'tis time we were under weigh. I want to lose no spars in the work we have in hand. Follow as quickly as you may."

In another moment, skipper and youth were within the hut, from which they descended the spiral staircase, bade every man scramble down the lofty cliff toward a creek, where lay a boat able to contain all

Eight men were soon at their oars; Ned steering, and the captain keeping a jealous eye upon the distant royal cruiser, which though, perhaps, only out for an ordinary sail, might be in chase of their own vessel, which, disguised as it was, might still by some keen and meddling eyes, have been recognized as the daring brigantine Ocean Girl, the dread of every one, the oft chased and never captured buccaneer.

"With a will!" said the captain, as the men bent to their oars, "the fellow shows long arms and plenty of teeth, as I can make out old King George's pennant on her topmast head. He is altering her course, too, though he can not see us; pull! pull for your lives!"

As he thus spoke, the eight-oared cutter had darted through the mouth of the re-tracted creek where she had been lying, to find their passage almost cut off by what neither of them had noticed—two heavily-armed boats that darted round a point screened by trees, and the officers and men of which at once began cheering.

"There has been rank treachery here," mused Captain Gantling; "some of the asses on the island whom I have offended—or can Sir Stephen have suspected?—impossible! Pull, all those who would not be in irons in an hour!"

Not a word was spoken more. The chase was a stern one, and had circumstances allowed, might have been a long one, but this the proximity of the ship prevented, as in twenty minutes, if not captured, they would be under her guns. But, another danger had to be avoided. While the royal cruiser was coming up with wind and tide, the Ocean Girl was lying at her anchors, without the smallest proof that man existed within the mass of black and inanimate hull.

"Is Darden asleep or drunk?" said the skipper, hotly. "I must waken him up, or we shall have to fight, willy-nilly."

The distance between the cutter and the man-of-war boats, which had crept down so cunningly toward the suspected vessel, was slightly lessening every moment. The royal boats were admirably manned, and flew over the surface of the water with a speed which showed their numerical strength and their alacrity.

The cutter, which had been capturing the buccaneer, which had been brought to them in that way that Captain Gantling and Edward Drake little suspected.

"Surrender!" suddenly shouted an irate officer of the marines, who commanded one of the boats; "surrender, or I fire!"

"Fire!" responded Gantling, aiming a musket at the speaker.

This brought a volley from the boats, while at the same moment a column of white smoke was seen issuing from the bows of the cutter, and then, almost before the report was uttered to their ears, they saw the shot skipping from wave to wave, tossing the water in spray, and flying to a considerable distance beyond them.

The smugglers smiled grimly at the passing ball, while the captain kept his eyes on the brigantine, still so mysteriously silent. So quiet and motionless was she, that any one who knew nothing of the matter might have thought her a fixture in the sea, or some marine monster rising from the ocean, where such beings are popularly believed to exist, darkened by the fogs and tempests of ages.

But soon Captain Gantling gave a cry of pleasure.

They were not asleep on board. He clearly saw all her boats out of the water, while the cable, instead of stretching in a long, declining line toward the water, was nearly up and down, ready for tripping at a moment's notice, every sail and yard was in its place, not a single rope was wanting; in a word, the Ocean Girl was equally ready for flight or repose, while for action she was quite ready; her boarding nettings were braced to the rigging.

The man-of-war boats still made superhuman efforts; but those in the cutter were equally alive, and in five minutes more the whole party were on board; the boat hoisted up with incredible activity, and the captain and his men greeted with shouts and cheers that rung across the waters, and reached the pursuing sloop, which now had a serious cause of delay in taking in all her boats.

"Make sail, Darden," said Captain Gantling.

With these words, he descended into his cabin, followed by Edward, who alone shared it with him. It was in some things similar to that in the cave, though the presence of four dark cannons detracted from the other appearances of luxury and wealth. There were pistols, too, and sabers, half-pikes and boarding-axes, stands of muskets round the masts, which showed that even in the very mouth of the Thames, and in daily proximity to royal cruisers, he had thrown off the mask, and stood revealed for what he was, a ruthless buccaneer.

The very audacity of the act had hitherto been his safety, as merchant vessels had taken him for a government ship, while he had so truly answered the signals of one or more as devoting themselves by as utterly to disarm all suspicion.

He found out how it was his true character had been betrayed. A cockney sailor, named Moss, had, two days before, asked leave to visit his wife and children; and on being refused, had sullenly demanded his discharge, which had been sternly denied, until they came to a more secluded part, when it was faithfully promised him. The man made no remark, but appeared to have swum off to some ship, which taking him up to London, he had, out of revenge for his devotion, and the loss of his share of prize money, betrayed his comrades.

When the captain and his young ally, having armed themselves, went on deck, the vessel was under a cloud of canvas, running to the eastward along the warp, with the royal cruiser not three miles behind, with every sail she would draw out. The Ocean Girl, a few minutes ago all bustle and activity, was now tolerably quiet, as in an incredibly short space of time she had been loaded with canvas that made her masts bend again like whips. The wind was steady, without puff or fitful gusts, and when they had made a good offing to the eastward, would be fair.

"This is very annoying," said Gantling, in a whisper to Edward; "I must either fight this fellow, give him the slip, or lose all chance of the treasure ship."

"King George will hardly forgive man or boy who should dare to fight one of his cruisers at the mouth of the Thames," said Edward Drake, pointedly.

It would be all the greater glory. Nothing would give me more delight than to let the spectators on yonder shores see me tear down yonder flaunting flag, and replace

it by my own," said the captain, with a hot and fiery flush.

"I thought you were an Englishman."

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed Captain Gantling, in a low, husky tone; "talk not to me thus; a pirate has no country."

And he turned away leaving Edward, accustomed as he was to the chief's manner and abruptness, somewhat astonished at a sentence which went to his very heart, he who adored his native land, and would gladly have served it, had he not thought himself excluded forever from all pardon, by reason of his bringing up.

The cruiser had evidently been selected for its swiftness; the Ocean Girl was a splendid sailer, but for once it had met its match.

"We shall have to fight," said the commander, in a low tone.

"I hope not, sir," replied Edward; "for then adieu to treasure ship, to our bonnie cruiser, and the dusky girls with the coral lips."

Now Drake was but a boy, but the education he had received had made him more advanced than his age would warrant. He knew Captain Gantling well, and therefore urged no imprudent motives to make him careful, but rather laid before him the very baits the power of which he had earned to himself.

"That's what I am thinking about, Ned; but see how he hugs the wind, and keeps to windward; the fellow will fetch the Black-tail beacon—then I expect he'll let go her hold, keep a good full—let the vessel go through the water."

"It's a beautiful sloop," cried Ned, who was by nature an admirer of all that is lovely, animate or inanimate.

"Yes, carries a precious press of canvas; if she goes on like this, we must knock a few cloths out of her bolt-ropes, when we may gain on her. I believe she goes quicker than we do."

"I am sure of it," said Ned.

"Curses light on her! what is the meaning of it?" cried Gantling. "We must give him the long swivel, Ned. Tell the men to get it ready; let them at sails and masts."

"Ay, ay, sir."

In a very few minutes the outer gun was ready, and the crack shot of the Ocean Girl, of all others, Dirtrick, was taking aim. Then an immense body of smoke belched from the muzzle of the cannon, followed by a sheet of vivid fire, and Edward leaping on the hindmost gun, saw the chips fly and one sail fly from its bolt ropes. Then the foretopmast bent, and fell steadily over the side.

At the same moment the drum of the royal cruiser was heard rattling across the water, beating to quarters, but the buccaneer made no response, cracking on all sail, until his tall spars and cloud of canvas were lost in a dense fog, that came rolling and spreading like a cloud over the German Ocean.

(To be continued.)

Out in the World:

THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE INVALID.

NIGHT was falling silently and dark upon the city when Van and Romney Taggart turned their steps homeward. They were very tired, and little Romney complained that his elbow ached.

"We've played so much to-day," replied Van, buttoning his patched coat under his chin; "but, then, we've done well, you see, and Ma will be awful glad to see us."

"Yes," Romney returned; "but, oh, Van, I'm so cold. My feet got wet goin' on the boat."

Van was scarce two years older than his brother, but to have seen him stoop down and tie his handkerchief around Romney's throat, one would have supposed he was ten, at the very least.

"You ain't strong, Romney," he said, "and you know how Ma tells ye never to get your feet wet."

"Yes, I know," was all Romney said; and then the lads walked on again.

At the corner of Main street and the Public Landing Van halted, and said:

"I'll go in here, Romney, and buy Ma something nice—tea and raisins."

Well, and Romney sat down on the curbstone to await his brother's return. Presently he came back, laden down with packages.

"You'll have to carry my fiddle, Romney, I'm so loaded down," said Van, handing over his instrument.

Romney glanced at his brother's purchases, and said, in a dry, old-fashioned way, "Got a good many things, didn't ye?"

"Yes; but we'll eat 'em all, soon enough."

Then the two children started on again, stopping at length before a row of grimy-looking tenements which faced the river, and which, when they were then, and we believe still are, designated by the rather plebeian appellation of "Rat Row."

Turning into one of these, the children ascended two flights of stairs, and then Romney rapped on the door with his fiddle. It was opened immediately by a tidy, handsome woman, who held in her hand a pair of half-made pantalons, upon which she had evidently been at work.

"Ah! my boys," she said, throwing down her sewing, and kissing them; "how glad I am you've come. It's almost dark, and was beginning to grow very uneasy."

"We've been all over," said Van; "made pretty well, too."

"You're the best of boys," she said, kissing them again. "Mamma would starve to death only for her little men."

"But, Romney, my child," she exclaimed, "you look very pale and ill. What's the matter with you, dear?"

"Got my feet wet at the mail-boat," replied the boy, the tears gathering in his eyes.

"And you feel bad and sick, eh?" The woman's voice trembled as she spoke.

Little Romney hung down his head in an instant and tried to speak, but, failing, he reached out his arms and folding them around the neck of his kneeling mother burst into tears.

"Oh, my precious!" she exclaimed, crying upon his head, while poor Van stood by the fire and cried, too.

Little Romney was very sick, and Mrs. Taggart bathed him well in mustard-water, and tucked him away in the blankets.

"You will be well to-morrow, my son,"

she said; "and if you are not, mamma will send for the doctor and he will make you well."

"Can the doctor make me well?" asked Romney, opening his feverish eyes wide.

"Yes, my son."

"But, you said once—"

"Well, what did I say?"

"That it was God who made us sick, and made us well too, when we would be good."

"Yes, I said so, darling," replied the poor mother; "and so He will. But, the doctor uses drugs and the knowledge God gave him to cure us when He don't want us to die."

"But, God wants us to die sometimes, don't He?" asked Romney.

"Yes, my son; when He wants us for heaven He calls us."

The little fellow paused, and looked up through tears into his mother's face.

"Do you think He wants me?" he asked, at length. "Now?"

"Oh, I hope not, my child! Your poor widowed mother and Van would be very lonely without you."

She could not speak more; her tears were choking her; and Van, who had crept up to the bedside, nestled close to her, and buried his tear-stained face in the bed-clothes.

The next morning, Romney Taggart was much worse—so bad, in fact, that his mother could do nothing but nurse him, and for the first time in his life, Van Taggart went out on the streets alone. But, he might just as well have remained at home. He could not sing; his heart was too heavy for that, and besides, Romney had been the alto, and he had never tried a solo before. He could not even play; he thought the violin sounded low and strange, and he was forever jumbling one tune with another.

At noon, he gave up altogether, and went home without a penny!

"I couldn't do nothing without Romney," he said to his mother; and then they both cried the afternoon away.

CHAPTER IX.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

WHEN Elinor's absence was discovered, on the morning following her flight, there was considerable excitement at Walnut Grove. Mrs. Waterson called the household together promptly, and said: "The poor creature, doubtless ashamed of herself, has risked her life by running off in the night-time. Now that she has gone, however, let her come, as well as her stay here, never be mentioned by any of you. If I ever hear this disagreeable subject alluded to in this house, I will be very angry with the offending person."

It sounded very much like a prepared declaration, but all the servants promised silence as the affair was over.

That same afternoon, Lucy Waterson returned from school. She was a slight, pretty girl, simple enough to look at, but keen and shrewd within.

She had scarce been half an hour at the Grove, when Chauncey invited her out for a stroll.

"This is very brotherly, Chauncey, I must confess," she said, laughing; "and if you were not my brother I would imagine you were up for a flirtation

quarrel about this girl? I will confess that I was smitten by her charms, and only that I subsequently discovered how utterly unworthy she was of an honest man's love and admiration, I believe I would have married her."

"Unworthy!" repeated Lucy. "Elinor Gregg unworthy? There must surely be some mistake here."

"I wish there was," he replied. "Over a year ago, I discovered that, on her leaving school, she formed the acquaintance of a rough farmer, who did not bear the best sort of a character, and, night before last, Rand and I found her almost opposite the Mill Creek House, lying in the mud."

Lucy Watterson clasped her hands in utter astonishment, and looked her brother searching in the eyes as he proceeded.

"While Rand carried her here, I went for a doctor; and it was not until I returned that I knew the wanderer was Elinor Gregg."

"Go on," said Lucy, almost breathless. "Where is she now?"

"That I can not tell you. The night she came here she gave birth to a child, and the next night she fled the house."

"Since which time?"

"Since which time she has neither been seen nor heard from by any person connected with our house."

"Did she leave no clue—no trace?"

"None whatever."

"And the baby?"

"She took with her."

"This sounds like a romance," said Lucy. "Poor Elinor Gregg, and I always thought she was such a nice girl!"

"So did I," replied Chauncey. "I would have almost staked my life on her honesty. But, you see it's hard to judge some people."

"Very hard," said Lucy, with her eyes fixed upon the ground; "but, did mamma know that Elinor was your old favorite?"

"No; I thought best not to tell her. You know mother is so queer, and she might think that, possibly, I had something to do with Elinor's sin."

"And you mean to keep this a secret?"

"Yes."

"Well, I presume you are right," said Lucy, after a pause; "but, Chauncey, who are you going to marry?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Oh, I'm tired guessing! Please tell me."

"Then I will not tax your patience further. The young lady is named Grace Alward."

"Grace Alward! Pretty, charming Grace Alward!" Lucy was all enthusiasm now. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed, and she clasped her hands in rapture.

"Yes, Grace," repeated Chauncey; "and I'm very glad my little sister thinks so highly of her brother's intended wife."

"I'm perfectly delighted with the idea of having Grace for a sister. Besides, Chauncey, I think marriage will settle you down some," replied Lucy; "and you know you have been a little wild."

"I confess you have been a trifle wild—but not more so than most young men of my age, and I am quite ready and willing to put on the matrimonial manacles at the earliest possible moment."

"And when is the wedding to take place?" questioned Lucy. "I hope it will be soon, for I can't bear waiting."

"In September some time; the precise day has not been fixed," was the answer.

"Why, Chauncey, that is eight mortal weeks yet!"

"And what are eight weeks? A mere pigment of time."

"There was a light, bounding footfall upon the grass behind them; then a rippling, silvery girlish laugh, and then Grace Alward placed a hand upon Lucy Watterson's shoulder.

"Welcome, school-girl! When did you escape the dormitory?"

"The two girls greeted each other warmly, just as girls would; for, for an instant were folded in each other's arms, just as girls would be, then the trio started for the house again."

"How did you know we were here?" asked Chauncey.

"Your mother told me, and so I ran away from Ma to find you."

"You will stay at the Grove all night, then," said Lucy, entreatingly. "It will be too late to go home after tea; besides, I want to talk to you. I have a fund of information for you."

"Yes, Grace would remain, and ere the two girls went to sleep that night, they had talked over the past and present, and dreamed of the bright future that was to dawn for both."

CHAPTER X.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

DURING the first fortnight of Elinor Gregg's residence in the old house by the river, Chauncey Watterson visited her every day, or rather every evening, for he was too well known in the city to make his visits to such a questionable locality publicly, and in daylight. He was very tender and kind to Elinor, and there was a sort of considerate deference he always paid to her, which would have pleased some women so much that they would never have asked for any thing more. But not so with Elinor Gregg. Morning, noon and night her mind was occupied with dismal thoughts of her dreadful position, and Chauncey never visited her that she did not question him concerning their prospective marriage.

"You can not know, Chauncey, what terrible thoughts come to me sometimes," she said one night, sitting by the fire, propped up with pillows, and looking very pale and pretty.

"He had one arm on the mantel, and was gazing into the fire in a dreamy, abstracted way when she spoke, but her words were so solemn, and there had been such a death-like silence before, that he started and colored slightly."

"Well, that's all your own fault," he answered.

"My fault!" She bit her nether lip and looked up, astonished, as the exclamation escaped her.

"Yes, your own fault," he reiterated. "Have I not tried to make you as comfortable as possible? have you expressed a desire that I have not had gratified at once? have you asked for any thing money could purchase that I have not bought for you? Elinor, I think you are treating me unkindly—positively unkindly."

"She did not reply at once, she was amazed—so much amazed, indeed, that she could not do any thing but stare up at that man, whose brow was like a thunder-storm now, and whose eyes glittered with the light of a terrible menace."

"Well, why don't you speak?" he asked,

at length. "You sit there and stare at one as if you had lost your wits."

Her dark eyes grew luminous, and her scarlet lips became almost as pale as her cheeks. "I have lost my wits," she said, at length, pausing to catch her breath between each word, "and I have lost that which is worse than reason—my faith in you."

He shrugged his shoulders and scowled again.

"You must not try to frighten me with ugly looks," she continued. "I have passed the point where scowling affrights; I stand upon the brink of a horrible abyss; I feel the rock on which I stand—and which I once thought so firm—crumbling into sand beneath my feet, then why should I fear the glance of an eye or the curl of a lip? Chauncey Watterson, I believe I'm growing mad."

"So do I," he said. "You talk like a fool."

"I have up to this time acted like one," she replied, "but from this hour I shall be wise."

"Indeed!" he said; "wisdom is always welcome."

"Yes, but my wisdom came too late, I fear. Chauncey Watterson, I wish to ask you one simple question."

"Go on; but, pray you, let it be not too simple."

"This is no time for levity, sir," she exclaimed, fiercely. "Do you intend to marry me, and give to that innocent child sleeping there a name?"

"He glanced over at the bed where the little rosy stranger slept, and then said: 'To be candid with you, Elinor, I think we had better come to an understanding at once. You are a poor girl, and had I not met you, would doubtless have married a coarse, vulgar countryman, and settled meekly down to the drudgery of farm work. You are too handsome, too polished, too intelligent, to appreciate such an existence, and you will one day bless me for saving you from such social slavery as would unquestionably have been your lot.'"

"She riveted her eyes upon him as he spoke, and pressed her hand to her heart to still its wild beatings. 'Go on,' she said, when he paused; 'go on!'"

"I have determined to do the clever thing by you," he said, folding his hands behind his back, and speaking in a matter-of-fact way that chilled Elinor Gregg through and through. "I will send you and your child abroad; I will have you educated, either as an artist, or as an actress, whichever profession you find most congenial and best calculated to give the greatest scope to your talents. You shall never want for money; I will send you one thousand dollars a year upon you."

Elinor was very weak, but she stood up now, erect, and rigid as marble, and her graceful, rounded figure, draped in flowing muslin, looked very classic and beautiful, even to that man who had grown tired of her. She tried to speak, but something hard in her throat was suffocating her. Staggering to the window, she threw up the sash, and the moonlight fell upon her like a mellow flood, making her look whiter, more spiritual, than before.

"The man was frightened. He thought she was about to leap from the window, and, starting forward, he caught her by the wrist."

"She shook his hand off, and, lifting herself until she appeared almost two inches taller than she actually was, she said, with more bitterness in her voice than can be described:—"

"You are very kind, sir—very, very kind; but I must not accept a cent from you, no—not to save my soul from the horrors of eternity. I am not so low as to sell myself, whatever I have done, because I loved you once."

"Oh, come; be reasonable; talk sense," he said.

"Well, then, I'll talk sense," was the reply. "From this night, Chauncey Watterson, we are mortal foes. You are a base scoundrel, who took advantage of a poor, unsophisticated girl, and ruined her brightest prospects to satisfy your taste for conquest, I presume. But, your victory will only be a transient one; the time will come, Chauncey Watterson, when you will beg me to forgive you."

"This is idle raving," he interrupted; "both unbecoming and inopportune."

"And you are the man to judge of what is becoming!" She was sneering at him now—"you, who live only to deceive and blight. But remember—"

"Bosh!" he exclaimed; "you act like a she-dragon. I did not come here to be bullied in this way, and I beg of you to restrain your temper for an instant and I'll leave the house. You can then rant a vill. Old Meg, I suppose, has a taste for light tragedy and boisterous declamation. Thank Heaven, I have not."

He took his hat and overcoat from the table as he spoke, and walked to the door. "Good-by. I'll come and see you again when you're in a better humor."

"You will never see me here again," replied Elinor.

"As you wish," he answered, and was gone.

She stood still, her hair floating down her snowy gown, and her eyes, dark and brilliant, fixed upon the spot where Chauncey Watterson had stood.

"No," she muttered; "you will never see me again here. Perhaps you will never see me again anywhere." Then she thought of how she had loved him; how kind and sweet he once was; and, bursting into tears, she fell upon her knees, exclaiming: "Oh, that this should be the ending of all—that this should be the ending! Oh, that I could wash away the past with those tears," she said, finally, rising to her feet; "but I can't do that—the stain is indelible."

She sat down by the fire for a long time, and sobbed and muttered to herself. Then she got up and looked out into the night again.

"She knew it was very late; the moon was sinking behind the Kentucky hills in a brownish mist, and no sound could be heard save the flow of the dark, blackish river. Covington was gloomy and silent. Newport was hid away in the haze."

Whatever Elinor Gregg was thinking about she did not speak for fully ten minutes; then, with lips compressed and a sudden resolve in her face, she approached the bedside. The infant she thought sleeping was trying to crawl its fists into a perfect rosette of a mouth, and as she leaned over it, it reached up its hands, as if it knew her, and smiled sweetly.

Elinor's face flushed; her lips relaxed their rigidity, and she nestled her face close to the baby's, and sobbed once more.

"Poor! poor baby!" she exclaimed. "God help you, and God help me."

The baby cried now, and Elinor picked it up and nursed it by the fire until its blue eyes—so like Chauncey's—closed again.

Then she arose, wrapped it carefully in a soft satin wrap, placed around its neck a locket set with emeralds, and, bare-headed as she was, started down the stairs. They creaked under her, although she walked ever so lightly; and she could hear old Meg turning uneasily on her bed downstairs.

Pausing an instant only, she stole, like a shadow of fear, down the carpetless hall, softly unbarred the door, and stepped out into the moonlight. Once she glanced toward the river; then she hurried on up Front.

The streets were entirely deserted; not even a policeman was visible, and the tall black warehouses looked down upon the refugees like grim monster giants dumb under the magic spell of some hideous gnome.

At length she approached "Rat Row." It was dark, too, save in one of the upper stories, where a light flickered and threw a feeble ray into the street.

Elinor stopped and gazed upward. A woman, with a sweet, sympathetic face, came to the window, and threw out a bottle of drugs.

"I wonder what's wrong up there," thought Elinor. "Somebody sick, I suppose."

The supposition was quite natural, for it was three o'clock in the morning.

"Well," she muttered, half aloud, "if they don't take care of her, they will give her to some one who will."

Saying this, she walked firmly across the street, pushed open the battered hall-door, crept up ever so many flights of dirty stairs until she saw a beam of light stealing from under a door; then she kissed her burden passionately, laid it gently down, and, cat-like, groped her way back to the street.

Two men came along just then, talking about fast steamboats. To escape these she shrunk into a doorway, and then turned the first corner and ran headlong toward the broad river.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 77.)

Bessie Raynor:

THE FACTORY GIRL.

A TALE OF THE LAWRENCE LOOMS.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "PIETY THROU AND REWARD," "THE MISSING FINGER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROPOSAL.

MINERVA AMES gazed at herself in the mirror—gazed at her resplendent beauty, and a smile of triumph came to her face.

"Yes, yes! The die is cast!" she muttered; "and I have decided. I have torn his image from my heart, and flung it away for ever! Alas! he has no money. He can not give me the luxuries, the elegancies of life, in which I have lived and been happy. But, Malcolm Arlington is rich, and he can do this. He holds thousands upon thousands at his command. What care I for the disparity in our ages. Bah! the world overlooks such, when there's money in the bargain. Why can not I do the same? And I so much at stake. My father's fair name, and, what is more, his fortune, and another huge Babel of gold! Oh, I must have it! I must secure all! Ay, I have indeed decided, and I thank Heaven I have been so bold. Yes, yes; I must have the proffer of Lorin Gray's love! If possible, this night, he shall be brought to kneel at my feet. He is an operative—a common mill-man, it is true, but where can one find a nobler type of the man, physically and morally—ay, intellectually, too? Alas, alas! Lorin, you must be sacrificed, because you have not that lever which, without a fulcrum, moves the world! MONEY! But, he is late."

She glanced toward an alabaster clock, ticking silently under a crystal shade.

"What if that dark-browed man failed to give him my note! Or, can—"

She paused, and an anxious, uneasy frown came to her face. But she resumed:

"Can it be true, as I have heard, that Lorin Gray loves that pale-faced thing, old Miss Raynor's daughter? I saw her once—a weak-eyed, yet sweet-featured, child. There is nothing grand or striking about her to attract a man like Lorin Gray. Besides that, she is as poor as starving poverty itself. Ha! ha! I'll not credit such an idle tale. Yet, what boots all this to me, if I have given Lorin up? Oh, heavens! Though I can not marry him, yet I would die to see him wedded to another! I love him, tenderly, yearningly, down deep in my heart. But, he must never know it! Strange about this girl, who loves me so—she is nothing more than a child. That dark-faced man, who comes here so often, loves her too, if I can read human nature. Then, too, I've heard strange mutterings from father about her! Good heavens; what can all this mean! Is she a witch, or a fairy in rags—a child, all the time?"

The door-bell sounded. Minerva started, and, despite all she could do, a deep blush mantled her cheeks, and her hand trembled as she half-clung to the mantel for support.

"He comes!" she muttered. "Be still, my heart; behave, my soul! First, a grand and lofty conquest, then, Lorin Gray, you and I cease to know one another."

She turned as the parlor door opened.

"Mr. Gray has called ma'am," said the servant-girl who stood there.

"Show him in, Mary."

Then the tall form of Lorin Gray darkened the parlor door. He entered the room.

Minerva Ames met him with a charming smile, extending her hand warmly.

"I am glad you are here," she said, with charming frankness. "I was beginning to fear you had failed to get my note. I was very homesick."

Lorin Gray took the lily tips of her fingers tenderly in his muscular hand, and, bowing over it with the grace of a courtier, said, in a low voice:

"Thank you, from my heart, Miss Minerva. But, you choose a strange messenger. Do you know the man who brought me the letter?" and he looked at her steadily though respectfully.

Minerva started just the slightest, but she replied, promptly:

"I know that the man is a workman in the Pemberton Mill, where you are employed. He was an employee of my father, years ago. He comes here sometimes to

see him—perhaps to consult him about his money matters."

As Minerva Ames uttered these words, a dark frown wrinkled her white brow, and she turned away toward a seat.

Taking a seat a short distance from the girl, he said, with a light laugh, and in the most respectful tone:

"A truce to Black Phil, Miss Minerva. I am grateful to him that he delivered your letter safely."

In a few moments, they were engaged in a warm and earnest conversation.

Time flew by and the night was passing. Lorin Gray, now seated close to Minerva, held in his hand an open album. His eyes were riveted on two photographs, evidently copied from paintings. The pictures faced each other in that richly-bound velvet book.

A singular look came into the young man's face as he gazed—a sad, sweet, yearning look.

"You are interested, Lorin," said Minerva, softly and familiarly.

"Yes, Miss Minerva," he said at length, slowly. "Whose pictures are these?"

The girl slightly started, and a faint tinge of red came to her face, as she glanced at the two pictures.

"Why, the gentleman was my father's brother—Bernard Ames; the other was his wife."

"Ah! I did not know that your father had a brother."

"Yes; he has been dead over twenty years. His wife died before him. Uncle Bernard was very rich, and—Why, he had only one child—a son. Poor little fellow!"

"What do you mean? Where is the boy?"

"Alas! dead, too! The whole family swept away! The boy was drowned accidentally in the river. I've frequently heard my father tell of the sad occurrence. And the money, that the poor boy would have inherited, went to my father; there was no other living relative."

Lorin Gray did not start, or show any sign of surprise. He simply said:

"Ah! I now see a family resemblance," and he looked at her in the face.

His stare was almost bold; then it gradually grew into a soft, tender glance. He closed the album and laid it upon the table.

Several moments elapsed, when the young man said, in a low, emotional voice:

"I have thought it very strange, Miss Minerva, that you should allow me to visit you—me, a poor workman in the Pemberton Mill."

He did not look up, but nervously edged his seat nearer to her.

Minerva Ames trembled, and her cheeks were stained with deep blushes. But, her voice was calm as she replied:

"'Tis not strange to me, Lorin. It matters not what you are, where you work, or where you gain your living. You are an honest man, and you once saved my life. I can never forget you. My gratitude is yours, always."

She had hesitated as she used the cold word "gratitude." "Love" was on her lips.

She watched the effect of her words, and her eyes brightened as she saw a deep glow spring into the face of the mill-man.

"Thank you, Miss Minerva," he said; and now his voice was husky. "Will you bear with me, listen a few minutes to me, to-night?" and his words grew hasty.

The girl looked at him in well-feigned astonishment; then she bowed her head in assent.

"I came to-night, Miss Minerva," he began, "prepared to speak—to tell you a tale. I will be brief. I know," he continued, after a slight pause, "that you are far above me in station, in society. I know I am poor, and that I occupy an humble position in the world. I am of obscure origin, too, though I know not what it is; and I work from the rising of the sun until the setting of the same—work for my bread. But, I am an honest man, Miss Minerva—one with iron muscles, and an unswerving resolution. I know I can carve my way in life, in whatever direction that way may lie. More than that, I have a warm, yearning heart in my bosom, a heart which I would, with all its love, lay at your feet."

Impulsively he caught her by the hand.

"Oh, Minerva," he continued, in a wild, hot strain, "I can not keep back my—"

At that instant, a long, wailing shriek pealed in through the open window and fell on the ears of the two.

Lorin Gray sprang confusedly to his feet. He had not noted the open window, and Minerva had forgotten it.

A moment of awkward silence ensued, Minerva's face as red as the sunset sky; Lorin Gray, tremulous, pale and agitated.

The sturdy mill-man gazed straight out of the open casement. That wailing voice had sounded strangely familiar in his ear.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Could it have—"

At that moment the bell sounded sharp and clamorous in the hall.

Minerva Ames glanced quickly at the clock. Her face paled.

"'Tis the other!" she muttered. "Half-past nine! Malcolm Arlington comes."

Lorin Gray had caught the last words.

"Malcolm Arlington?"

"Yes, Lorin; my father's partner. He comes on business. I must entertain him, till father, who is out, returns. And—yes—another time, Lorin, I will listen, and—"

"God bless you, Minerva! I understand you. I will be gone. Good-night. Heaven's blessings rest upon you!"

He bowed low before her and left the room. As he stood in the brilliantly-lighted hallway, he met Malcolm Arlington, tall and stern. The banker glared fiercely at him, but Lorin Gray paid no heed to him.

Another moment and he was gone.

"Now, Bessie Raynor," whispered Black Phil, as, in the dark shadows outside, he caught the falling girl in his arms, "you've seen enough! Come; I'll attend you home."

The girl did not reply. She slowly recovered herself, and, clinging to Black Phil's arm, staggered away.

She had seen Lorin Gray take Minerva Ames' hand; she had noted that Minerva Ames did not resent the liberty. Lorin Gray was indeed lost to her! She could not compete with the banker's daughter. She could not look again.

Two squares from the house, a tall man strode by them. Bessie knew him not; but Black Phil, at one glance, ejaculated:

"Ah! the other! A pretty mess of fish, indeed!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SACRIFICE.

AN hour before the events last given; in heard a voice, a few minutes after Bessie

Raynor had consented to leave her wounded brother and the corpse of her father, to go with Black Phil, a man appeared at the alley gate.

He was cautious in his movements, treading softly, and glancing around him in all directions. He trod at once into the alley, and disappeared in the dark yard. Then he stood by the window of the ground-floor room to the rear.

He paused and glanced up.

One faint light was burning; it came from the room of Ross, the cripple. Then the man peered through the window. A dull, subdued light was shining into the room from the one adjoining.

He gently tried the window. It yielded, and went softly up. The man at once entered the room. He trod very softly.

"The old chest is up-stairs on the landing!" he muttered. "I'll find it!"

He drew a small dark lantern from beneath his coat, and sprang the light cautiously on. Then, approaching the staircase, he ascended as stealthily as a cat. The top was reached.

The man paused and listened.

There reposed the old sea-chest, time-worn and battered. It had sailed many miles over the briny waste, with its old master, now past all sailing. But, for years past, it had been resting from its journeys. The old captain had

your door. How long have you been in?" and she gazed at him keenly.

"Why, some time, my child. I did not feel like coming down. I was tired."

The girl said nothing. At last she removed her eyes from her father's face, and with a half-weary sigh arose to go.

She had not communicated much; it was plain that she held something back. Her father knew it. He stopped her.

"Have you had company to-night? Minerva?" he asked, as, in turn, he bent his eyes upon her.

"Yes, father, and enough of it," was the weary reply, as the girl resting her hand on the back of the chair, paused and faced her father.

"Who, my child?"

"Lorin Gray, and—"

"Lorin Gray! The impudent scoundrel! How dared he—"

"Lorin Gray is not a scoundrel, father, and you know it!"

Minerva's cheeks kindled into a fresher glow than before, as she uttered the words with dignity.

"Why, Minerva, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Lorin Gray, whatever his occupation may be, is a gentleman. Moreover, if he had money, none would be welcomed more cordially here, by you, than he."

"Let that go, Minerva," he said pettily. "This man is not rich; 'tis enough. He must cease his visits here. The world will talk. But, was there any one else?"

"Was Mr. Ar—"

"Malcolm Arlington was here, father," interrupted the girl, as her eyes flashed and her bosom heaved.

"Well, my child?"

"He came on an errand; he proposed marriage to me," said Minerva, in tones scarcely audible.

"And, my child?"

"I saved you, father. I accepted him."

And now her voice was a whisper.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BLACK PHIL'S AVOWAL.

WHEN Black Phil had accompanied Bessie Raynor home that night, he lingered for a moment by the door.

The girl had not spoken a word since after viewing that tableau through the open window of Arthur Ames' parlor. She had begged Phil to carry her home. But her unsteady, tremulous movements, her broken, pent-up sighs, which would now and then burst forth, told the man plainer than words that she was suffering.

He had endeavored to speak with her, but receiving no reply, he too, had relapsed into a gloomy silence.

But he lingered by the door after she had said a hasty good-night, and after she had entered the house.

"Bessie," he said, in a soft, subdued voice, as he slightly detained her by holding her shawl, "you've seen a sight to-night—enough to open your eyes, and make you look at certain things in the right light. I have only a word to say, Bessie—only a word or two; then you can go."

He paused; his voice was almost a whisper.

In a startled, frightened manner, Bessie turned toward him. She trembled as she clung to the bolt for support.

"Well, Phil, what would you say?" she asked. "You know I have a wounded brother up-stairs, and—"

"Yes, I know it, Bessie," interrupted the man, though not rudely. He, all at once, seemed to have grown tamer in the presence of this frail girl, who was scarcely more than a child. He loved Bessie Raynor, the rough fellow—loved her madly.

"I only have a minute, Bessie; if you get tired listening, you can go."

Bessie moved impatiently.

"I know you are exhausted, Bessie; I know that you have gone through a great deal to-night—enough to try stronger nerves than yours. But now is a good time for me to speak for you can compare my conduct with that of another man you know—one who has given you some signs that he loved you."

Bessie, still clinging to the door-knob, bent her head and listened.

"I know, Bessie," resumed the man, speaking more hurriedly, "that I am a rough-looking fellow; that I am old enough to be your father; that I am ill-favored and forbidding. I know, too, that I am not rich and can not offer you the comforts of a fine home; that I have been, at times, rough to you and Ross; I know that people who don't know any better say I have a wife already; I know that I am not as comely a man as Lorin Gray. Yes, Bessie, all this I know and confess. But listen, and I'll tell you something else I know: I know that Nancy Hurd is not my wife; that I have a good snug pile of money laid up; that I am strong-armed and full of spirit to work; that Lorin Gray trifles with you, and is false to you; that his heart belongs to one who, though she spurns him and laughs at him, still leads him on, that, in the end, she may fling him over; that I love you, Bessie Raynor, more than a man of my race can tell, and that I would die for you!"

He paused. His words had grown hot and impulsive; he spoke sincerely, and his hand reached out and grasped hers.

Bessie endeavored to draw back; but the strong hand of the mill-man held her as in a vice.

"Answer me, Bessie," he urged. "Whatever be your reply, I'll bared at once."

Tremblingly the girl raised her eyes and gazed through the gloom at his face.

"Your words are so sudden, Phil," she said, and her voice was very low, "that I can not answer you now. I feel that I am but a child, Phil, and you know I am surrounded by care and sorrow. My dead father lies in this room"—her voice sunk to a whisper—"and my wounded brother sleeps above. How can I think of anything else? But—"

She paused. Then, summoning her resolution, she continued:

"You may know this, Phil: whatever I may have thought of you in the past, I think better of you now. For your kindness to me this night, I'll always pray God to bless you."

Phil suddenly took her hand more firmly, yet still tenderly, in his, and pressing his bearded lip to it, said:

"May God, if there is one, bless you, too, Bessie! Good-night!"

He turned at once and strode away in the darkness.

Bessie tottered into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "what have I done? Have I given that dark-faced man encouragement? Ah!"

She paused and bent her ear.

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A romance of great power and high dramatic quality is to be expected from this popular author, but we think readers will be agreeably surprised in this last work from his hand. It is

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SCORED, REJECTED, BUT GREAT

—great enough, indeed, to show how immeasurably above all fear, all suffering, all wrong is woman's sense of right.

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THIS MODEL OF THE WEEKLIES,

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Our Arm-Chair.

Personal.—"Charles James" calls our paper *The Precious Journal*. "Inkstand" names it *the Glorious Saturday Journal*. Miss S. S. C. asks—"Can there be a better paper?" "Sheet-Anchor Tom," like Charles James, regards the paper as a precious one. Miss Della Wright "feels more delight in reading the beautiful pages of the SATURDAY JOURNAL than in all the other weeklies put together." Mrs. Batten Newman says: "I have always taken the monthly magazines and the illustrated papers, supposing them to have the best reading in them; but, a lady friend of mine persuaded me to buy the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and I was greatly surprised at its excellence. In my opinion, it is worth all the monthly magazines put together. It is so fresh, and sparkling, and new."

Frank Whipple says: "I call you friends because you are the publishers of my favorite story paper, the SATURDAY JOURNAL, which, I think, is the best weekly paper published in the United States. The stories and sketches are not taken from other or foreign papers. Nearly everybody around our neighborhood takes it." H. W. B. writes: "I have taken your paper for nearly a year, and I like it very much. I think it is ahead of any other story paper published in the United States." Many more such expressions come to us. They are assurances that we have, in truth, "struck the right vein." Our success has been very brilliant, and our promise for the future is something of which we may well boast.

A Model Mother.—There are thousands of such in our land. One who is upon our list of favorite contributors, in a recent note, thus adverts to her circumstances and surroundings:

"I send a few thoughts on an old subject, but they may not be without interest as coming from one who tries to think sometimes, and who is not allowed by circumstances to be an idler in the field—for I am my own house-keeper. Like Dame Quickly, 'I wash, wring, bake, brew, scrub, scour, and do all myself,' and besides care for three little children, and write stories at night to the one who is in bed."

I think it is the women who work and think, too, who have a right to decide these questions, so I put in my little protest."

We do like it. When women who are as faithful and true to home, life and duty as our correspondent, speak on the questions affecting her sex, they have a right to be heard. More such women as our correspondent should speak, if only to show to the world that the Woodhull-Cliffin "reformers" are repudiated and scorned by the great mass of American mothers and wives.

Mistaken Mercy.—"The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" protests against the muzzling of dogs in hot weather. If an unmuzzled whelp could make it convenient, when a fit of hydrophobia was on, to bite one of these half-crazy humanitarians, it might change their views of the value of a muzzle, in dog-days. There is but one thing better than a muzzle, or a dog at large, in city or country, and that is a half-ounce of lead rightly planted in the dog's front-door.

HOME.

"Home, sweet home, there's no place like home!" So wrote our native song-bird. Truer words were never penned. There is a nameless charm in the little word that few can explain, fewer still resist.

Take the savage from his native plain, be it either the flowery prairie, the thorny jungle, or the sandy desert, where the shadowy mirage rises to deceive the way-worn traveler with phantom hopes; place him in civilization's crowded center; he stifles amid the narrow walls, the dark dens, and sighs for freedom and his home. The gilded palace is worth far less to him than the green shrub and the branching tree.

"Son of the wilderness, I turn again to my mother: She gave me truth for an inheritance, and I'll keep it, though my heart should break."

The plain, the forest, or the desert, is his home. That is why the child of Nature loathes the dwellings of civilization.

The traveler whirled along behind the "Iron Horse," at breath-taking speed, catches glimpses of little houses, barely more than huts, nestled by the wayside. When he thinks of his handsome town residence, or cosy country villa, he wonders how anybody can possibly live in such a place, and shudders at the very thought.

Oh, gentle stranger! that humble cot is somebody's home. The hero of Dow's Flat hits off the idea: "It wasn't much, but it was his all."

Some stalwart, red-shirted miner, delving for ore amid the Californian rocks, overshadowed by the great white peaks of the Sierra, or washing for golden sands in the mountain gulch, looks forward to the time when, with great store of wealth, wrung by his strong arm from old earth's bosom, he will return to a little roof-tree, his home, and tell of his victory. How that thought nerves his arm!

What makes a home, and gives it its nameless charm, is hard to explain. The millionaire, whose wealth enables him to enjoy all the luxuries of life, oftentimes pines amid the splendor of his noble palace. Something is wanting; and that something money can not buy. He has carpets, into which the foot sinks; furniture of velvet and costly woods; gold and silver plate; every thing to please the eye or gratify the taste, and yet—he is not happy. When he was in the whirl of business, planning how to outstrip his fellows in the race for gold, he did not have time to think of any thing but business; but now that he has "retired," to enjoy the wealth that his brain has won, he suddenly discovers that something is wanting. From early boyhood he has thought that wealth was every thing—that gold could purchase all in this world that one might desire to have; but, he finds that there are some things that can not be bought by the precious dross for which we poor human worms often peril life and soul.

As he sits in his easy arm-chair, after the dinner hour, and the shadows of eventide begin to gather and close around him, misty forms hover in the air; faces come back to him from years long gone by. Again he stands within his childhood's home; a boy once more; eagerly waiting for the hour when he should dash in among the breaking waves of the great life-stream of business, and rely solely upon the strength of his own arms to keep his head above the surface of the waters. Again he sees the gray-haired mother, who thinks her boy is the best and the smartest in the world; the aged father, who sacrifices many a little comfort for his son's sake, and sends him to school, and a fair start for fortune; their faces are with him in his silent hours. Many a year has come and gone since they were in the flesh. The struggle is over; the victory won; yet the fruits are but dead sea-apples, beautiful to the eye but bitter to the taste. The spoils are not worth the battle!

There is something in this life besides riches and worldly honors.

A home, and the loving hearts that make it so dear, can not be valued; they are above all price.

After the toil of life is done, and the goal reached which ends the race, the man who looks around him and sees a wife—a pure and loving woman, whose heart beats for him alone—and children—precious ties which bind him unto the world—feels that he has still something left to live for. The care which his parents gave to him, he must give unto his children, and thus quit the debt.

Heaven help the man who grows old without wife or child! He is utterly alone! Not all the gold and honors in this world can bring to his heart the peace and happiness of a home.

NO, I THANK YOU.

If you want me to go to the lecture this evening, to hear a certain female entertainer tell me that she's been to Paris, but always gets her clothes made in this country, I must say, "No, I thank you; I'd rather go somewhere where I can get something more instructive. If I want to know about Paris, I'd rather be pelted enough to go to a panorama of that city; and it's none of my business, and makes no difference to me, where the lecturer has her dresses made, provided she don't come to me to foot the bills."

When a young man tells you how much love he has for you, and makes out that he will do any thing to prove his affection, test that love by seeing whether he is willing to aid a poor washerwoman lift her basket to her shoulder, on one of the public thoroughfares. If he can not undergo the ordeal, just say, "No, I thank you; if you're not willing to oblige me now, I feel certain that you won't do so hereafter."

Don't let a person pick out a husband or wife for you. You can kindly remark: "No, I thank you; I will allow you to pick out a pair of kid gloves, or a new shade of silk for me, but you must let me choose my own mate for life." You know I despise matchmakers.

Don't marry a person who is cruel to an animal. Such people are not the best adapted for life partners. Be firm with your "No, I thank you," in that case.

Don't get into the meshes of matrimony for the sake of wearing fine clothes, for they don't bring happiness with them. "No, I thank you; they don't!"

Don't marry a drinking man. Please don't! No matter whether he does promise you that he'll give up drinking after the knot is tied. He won't be quite so likely to do so then. Make him do it at once, or you'll find that, when the bottle has brought you to you and yours, and you beseech him to give up his passion for liquor, he will likely enough turn upon you, and cruelly say, "No, I thank you; it's too late now."

Don't be always so snapping and snarling at home as to make it unhappy for your children. If you do, you mustn't be surprised to see them hanging around bars, and not only hanging around them, but going in. Keep your boys home, and don't drive them out. You won't feel very

happy to hear your sons reply to you, when you tell them you think they ought to pass at least one evening at home: "No, I thank you; I like my associates out of the house ten times better than I do those in it." I know I do scold Brother Tom sometimes; but he has never accused me of driving him from the house, and I hope every girl who has a brother can say the same thing.

Don't complain of your lot in life as being hard to bear. When you feel the "blues" coming on, just say, "Your presence isn't wanted here, and I haven't the most distant wish of associating in such company." That's the way to get rid of them. If they still persevere in endeavoring to intrude upon your company, bring on your remark of, "No, I thank you; I prefer the sunshine to the clouds." Then on with your bonnet, or hat, and take a long and brisk walk.

Don't try to build up your own reputation by running another person down, and, when asked to repeat certain calumnies about your neighbor, you'll oblige me greatly by responding: "No, I thank you. I won't do it. But I wish I were better, and I am glad she is no worse." When will a reformation like that take place?

Don't ape the fashions and whims of others, especially those who are better off than you, for you'll only be laughed at for your pains. How we would look marching about as though we owned the whole world, or as if we were a Queen Victoria! Now, if that good lady were to invite me to her palace the next summer, I should be compelled to come out with, "No, I thank you; I'm not so fond of royalty as all that. I like my own dear America better, where we are all of noble blood, and where we gain our stations by hard labor; still, I have a high respect for you, Mrs. Vic, but must say, 'No, I thank you.'"

FOOLSCAP PAPERS.

The Golden Age.

I WILL preface my remarks on the Golden Age by simply saying, I will be President then. This never was known before, but, for certain reasons, I have kept very quiet about it.

All prohibitory laws against honesty will be rescinded, and any man who wants to be perfectly honest can be so at his own expense, and without fear of consequences.

The tax will be relieved from alcoholic liquors, which will be quite a relief, indeed, and well calculated to make a Golden Age out of any age, if gold is the root of all evil.

Notes you hold against others will be paid as soon as they are due; but, notes that others hold against you will never fall due.

No falsehoods will be told unless they answer fully as well as the truth in all particulars; but, as a general thing, lying shall not be obligatory.

If a man calls you a liar, and he is smaller than you are, you will have a perfect right to kick him, while he will be obliged to pocket the affront, or put it in his pipe and smoke it, unless he is rash enough to resent it and stand the consequences.

You will have a perfect right to demand politeness of hotel clerks if it will do you any good to do so.

Twenty-three hours and sixty minutes out of the twenty-four can be given up to the hallowed purposes of rest, each day.

In giving you change, butchers will not give you counterfeit money—unless you happen to notice it, and their meat will run as much over eleven ounces to the pound as they can afford.

Cab-drivers will not be allowed to take any more from you than they can scare you into giving, at any time.

The moral effects of cheating will be entirely done away with, and you can swap a broken-down horse to your friend for a sound one, with just as little compunction as you would have in doing the same with you now.

You will have no right to do just as your wife says unless it is unavoidable, and then you may grumble at it if you think it is a wise plan.

If you happen to be in distress, your friend will gladly let you have what money you need without charging you very little more interest than the principal.

You can wear a shirt six months with perfect impunity, and go barefooted as often as you wish.

You will have then the blessed privilege of bragging over any thing you may do, and can carry your head as high as you please—upon a ten-foot pole, if you wish.

It will not be absolutely necessary for you to sleep in church, or swear, or use bad grammar, or to eat voraciously, or to be excessively rude, to show that you belong to the "best society."

Wives will have a right then to support their husbands, and they will do just as he pleases, with perfect independence.

You will never be compelled to forgive an injury; you never do it now, but still, you won't be obliged to do it then.

If you are a milkman, you will be at liberty to put as much milk in a can of water as you please.

You can appear to be exactly what you are not, just as now you are not exactly what you appear to be.

Every family in the land may talk as much and as long as they want about their small fortunes of \$80,000,000, awaiting them in England, that paradise of large expectancies, and they can borrow as much money as people will lend them on the strength of it.

If you then do anybody any wrong, you will feel perfectly willing to overlook it, and you will not be obliged to treat anybody civilly, except those you expect favors from; nor will ladies expect you to yield your seats in the cars to them.

An official in default will not be subjected to the annoyance of having anybody talk about it; for, if he is in the State's service, it is right that he make the State service purpose.

Conscience, which nowadays troubles so many of us, will be totally excluded, and sheriffs and fleas, of which we live in so much dread, shall annoy none except those we dislike.

I am safe to say this joyful time will soon be here.

Applications for offices must be made early to the undersigned, inclosing five dollars as a guarantee of good faith.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A cheerful spirit is better than great gain.

Readers and Contributors.

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Can make no use of poems, "Queen of Nature," "A Parody," "Love," "Call to the Woods," "My Maude," "The Thunder-Storm," "Sunset"—all of which are returned. Poems by G. H. B. may be original by the sender, but they seem to us drawn from some printed source. If entirely G. H. B.'s own they promise well. Can make no use of "Hunted Down," "United at Last," "Night with a Panther," "Saved by Love." No stamps.—No use for "Summer Town." Author has much to learn before he can write for the press; and yet his poetic conceptions are promising. No stamps.—Can make no use of MSS. "Escape from Death," by H. V. No stamps.—The MSS. "Paddle Your Own Canoe," we will use in OUR OMBUS.—We return MSS. "Trene Guschand," which are unavailable.—Will use poem, "Memories of the Old Time," with slight change.—Can use poem, "Too Late," but do not care to pay for such matter, having on hand, at present, too much of an overstock.—Ditto, poems, by Miss Kate P. O., and "The Fish," and "Grizzly's Courtship." "A Sensitive Lady."—Can make no use of "A Beach Comber," "The Little Boy White," "Grace and the Fish," "One of Us," "What did He Mean?" "A Sketch," "Mrs. Lincoln's Party," "Twice Wed but not Won." All without stamps.

We answer Mrs. J. B. L., San Antonio, by mail. Ditto, P. M. Templeton, Newport, R. I.

RECTOR B. Your first efforts are very crude. You neither write correctly, nor conceive with any marked originality. The MSS. all are of the character which lead us to think that you are a beginner, and study you may become an acceptable sketch writer. No stamps for MSS. return. We reviewed a portion of page 1 of "Saved by Love," to indicate to you its errors of construction.

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A. E. STEVENS. Six cents a copy. Will be glad to supply you.

H. B. S. Will give the serial version of Mr. Aiken's "Witches of New York" during the fall. He commences his starting tour August 28th, opening on that evening in Brooklyn for one week.

DISNEY. A man's place of birth fixes his "nationality" in law.

OVERLAND KIT. Usually impure blood is the cause of pimples on the face. For a cure, doctor the blood. To clear the skin of little pustules, a wash of dilute carbolic acid is good, or dilute lemon, put on at night. Always have the little worm of the pustule taken out.

J. A. PRICE. Have written you.

J. R. H. Eighth avenue. Such coincidences as you note are not infrequent. We frequently, indeed, return stories and sketches which are like, in many respects, what we already have printed. The authors, of course, were not aware of the similarity. You must change name and incident, if you have been anticipated. We will examine your MSS. with pleasure.

ELLA. A lady may be assisted from a carriage in any manner that is most convenient. Gentlemen usually have to quite bear the lady's entire weight when she leaps from a carriage to the ground. In a low-down carriage a gentleman should only extend to her his right hand. For a gentleman, at any time, to put his arm around a lady's waist to assist her is vulgar, and an unwarrantable liberty against the lady is his affianced.

BASHFUL writes: "I am very bashful in the presence of ladies. I would like to have you inform me how I might overcome this. I frequently, indeed, return stories and sketches which are like, in many respects, what we already have printed. The authors, of course, were not aware of the similarity. You must change name and incident, if you have been anticipated. We will examine your MSS. with pleasure."

J. S. writes: "I have noticed frequent inquiries from your lady readers, 'how shall they obtain a few male acquaintances or correspondents?' J. S. has made a terrible mistake. He

DEATH.

BY "CRAPE MYRTLE."

Compose the sculptured limbs,
Lay back the fair young head;
For the dark, relentless grave
Prepare the beautiful dead.
Fold the pale, cold hands
Down over the pulseless breast,
Array the sculptured form
For the grave's unbroken rest.

With gentle step and gentler touch,
Smooth back the silken hair,
From off that marble brow,
Which we deemed in life so fair,
Close the stilled and smiling lips;
And over the violet eyes
Press fast the snowy lid
To open in Paradise.

Like some tender, fragile flower
Crushed by the pitiless storm,
We found her sweetly sleeping
Upon her Savior's arm.
Then robe the sculptured limbs,
Nor weep o'er mortal clay
For the spirit freed, toward heaven has
Winged
Its bright, celestial way.

In the Wilderness.

II.—THE FIRST CAMP.

WITH the patience and tirelessness of the Indian, old Ben led the way, and the adventurers toiled after. All except the student and Augustus had been accustomed to long marches and bore it well, but the long limbs of Bacon trembled with fatigue and the perspiration burst from every pore as he walked. The student was sustained by an indomitable courage, which made up for the loss of physical power consequent upon months of arduous study. Ben looked back at him from time to time and muttered something, below his breath, complimentary to his pluck, and offered to relieve him of his pack, which kindness he received with thanks, but declined to accept, and Ben, in a whisper to Viator, gave his opinion of the young man in the brief sentence, "he'll do."

At length the brawling of running water was heard, and they came to the brink of a forest stream, bubbling over the stones, sinking now and then into deep, dark pools, the home of the speckled trout, and then dancing downward in long rapids, spotted with roses here and there. The eyes of the fishermen began to glow, but Ben stopped them sternly as they began to fumble for their tackle.

"Hold on, you critters. Don't you tech a rod this night, because every hand must help to build a camp. Come on."

Half a mile further on they came out upon a spot of ground beside a deep pool, where a boy waited with two pack-horses, upon which he had brought up such of their traps as were absolutely necessary to their comfort, and which would have been difficult to carry in a march through the woods. Only one rifle had been brought, a beautiful "Sharp," belonging to Viator, the rest being double-barreled ducking-guns. It was as yet too early in the season for deer, and they were not the men to break the game laws, or suffer it to be done by others. The boy had dumped the packs upon the greenward and had waited for orders, and when he received them mounted his horse, took the other by the bridle, and rode away through the woods.

"He can not get out of the pines before night comes on," said Viator.
"It's little my boy Ben cares for that," said the guide. "He knows the woods like a book, that boy does, and he'll make a camp some'er, huddle the horses, and wait till sun-up. Don't you be afeared fur him, square. Seems to pull mighty hard on the greeny here, this tramp does. I told you he was a weedy chicken."

While Viator and the rest were putting the finishing touches to the shelter, old Ben was putting up a cooking-furnace from the loose slate-stones scattered about—an easy job for an old woodman.
"Thar," said Ben, as he glanced with gratified pride at the result of their labors. "That looks ship-shape and orderly, I reckon; jest look at that outlandish critter, square," he cried, pointing to the recumbent form of "Spindle Shanks" stowed away under a tree. "Ef he ain't sound asleep, bu'st me! I wish he were a red and I'd raise his ha'r; I would, by gracious. I don't take it kind in you, Square Viator, a-bringin' sech a critter here. Now, you build up a fire, and I'll go down to the student, and take out a few speckled fellers for supper."

And the old guide seized a hatchet, and attacked a rotten log close by. Every few strokes he stopped and fished out a large yellow grub from the rotten wood, which he put in an old tobacco box. After finding about a dozen, he cut a little pole from the ash, trimmed it with a pocket-knife, attached a hook and line, and, with this primitive tackle, walked up to Viator, calling to Spencer, the student, to follow.

Viator built a fire, got out the frying-pan and kettle, and made ready every thing for supper. In half an hour Ben and the student returned with a fine string of the speckled beauties, and the latter declared, with glowing cheeks, that he had caught most of them and enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Oh, I'll put color into the poor lad's face," said Ben. "He's bin stewing over them cussid books till he's a perfect shadder, but the woods was what he wanted! You hearn me a-talkin'!"

Ben had cleaned the trout as fast as they were caught, and he set to work over them with a skill which no French cook ever equaled, while Viator made coffee.

When all was ready, they sat down to such a feast as the epicureans might have envied. It is true that they had no better forks than their fingers, but they used these skillfully. The trout disappeared as if by magic. For some time nothing was heard save the suppressed notes of delight on the part of the feasters, and as they began to be satisfied they broke out into such encomiums upon Ben's cookery that the old man was fain to be gratified.

"Oh, hush up," he said. "Them chaps down the river don't know what trout ar. I wouldn't give a cent for a trout that had been more than two hours out of water. We git 'em fresh, with all the juices in 'em, and ef I do say so, I know how to cook a trout. Yaas, I will take a little more of that coffee, square; you know how to make coffee, you do!"

He held out his tin cup, which Viator filled, after putting in the proper quantity of condensed milk and sugar, and Ben sat pensively stirring it with a stick and sipping it as it cooled.

"You've led many a party up this river, Ben," said Viator.

"Yaas, square, I hev, for somehow the boys kaint git along without me. You don't know how many friends I've made in the years I've been up here. Thar's many a man that wears his broadcloth and sits in high places in Albany and York, that would be glad to shake old Ben by the hand, and have a crack over the times we've had here in the North Woods and out by the Saranac and the lakes. Thar ain't but little of it I don't know, boys, and I've bin in places whar no other white man ever stepped afore me. I'm a plain man, but when I'm alone in the woods, sometimes, I take off my old hat and look up to the sky, and bless the Giver of sech a forest for a hunter to live in. I don't want no better home."

Night came on, and with it came the musketoes, and pipes and cigars were produced and the boys blew a fearful cloud. Luckily for Spencer, his one bad habit was smoking, and the vicious insects dislike smoke of all things. Unfortunately Gustus was the only one in the party who did not smoke, and to him the musketoes paid their undivided attention. While the rest lay placidly smoking, listening to the one thousand and one sounds of the forest by night, poor Gustus was fighting the battle of one against a million. He dared not penetrate the misty veil which hung about his companions, for the smoke would make him sick, and he bore his sorrows with muttered words which would not have sounded well in a pulpit.

Laugh and jest, story and song went round among the smokers, but Gustus had no delight in these things. The song which claimed his attention was the song of the musketo, and that was getting monotonous. The merriest jest from Viator could not rouse a smile in him, though the jollity of the others was uproarious.

At last, in utter despair, the unfortunate youth grabbed a blanket and dived into the shelter-tent, while, in the words of the immortal Jacks, "a cloud of the enemy followed him, and harassed his rear." The others witnessed his flight with shouts and laughter.

One by one the stars came out in the blue sky, and the moonlight dimpled on the water. The sounds in the forest seem almost deafening to a man new to such sights and sounds. "Croak, croak, croak," from the frogs, "whip-pow-wil," from that melancholy bird, "who, who, who," from the horned owl; the shrill cry of the loon, and the wood-duck's call, mingle in a strange confusion. Our adventurers sat late in the clear moonlight, and then picking out their blankets, they lay down to sleep under the shadows of the gloomy pines.

A Love Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE cold gleam of an April sunlight flashed on the plate-glass windows and rose-pink curtains of Mrs. Dagmar's drawing-room, shining as brightly on the tawny tresses of cold, proud Dell Dagmar, as she bowed to a passing friend, as on Tiny Fay's blue-black curls, that clung about her pure, pale face in such lovely, tendril-like beauty.

"That was Mr. Elliston. He just passed in that lovely barouche of his, with those sweet white ponies."

It was Dell Dagmar who spoke so enthusiastically; to whose cold, proud face a little gleam of triumphant satisfaction came as Aymer Elliston raised his hat with such courteous grace, for Miss Dagmar—after due deliberation with prudent, thoughtful mere—had about decided that she would accept the owner of the white ponies and chocolate-colored barouche—when he asked her.

He had been very attentive to the Dagmars, and since there were no young people there, except little Tiny Fay—why, of course, Dell regarded the affair as Aymer Elliston raised his hat with such courteous grace, for Miss Dagmar—after due deliberation with prudent, thoughtful mere—had about decided that she would accept the owner of the white ponies and chocolate-colored barouche—when he asked her.

"Why don't you look, Tiny, and see him when I tell you to?"

Miss Dagmar glanced over at poor, plain little Tiny Fay—contrived Tiny, whose mother was dead, and who had come to New York to live with uncle Limeson Dagmar.

Poor child! a homeless home it was to her, where no one seemed to care whether she were sick or well, or happy or wretched. And what is more wretched than a loveless life?

And he's turning around—there, Mr. Jerald has met him, and I do believe, they're coming here! Run, Tiny, and pull down that green shade in the conservatory! It will serve to hide the wretched rouging you gave me this morning."

So, while Dell settled her white cashmere morning-wrapper, and adjusted a coquettish curl over her forehead, Tiny ran to adjust the shade for the beauty's benefit. When she returned, Mr. Elliston and Mr. Jerald were laughing and chatting with Dell.

Tiny took her seat in her own little nook by the side window, thinking how very melodious Mr. Elliston's voice was; and wondering if she ever would conquer that miserable, lonely, homesick feeling!

Then Dell's voice, tuned to a sharper key than she had ever noted, fell distinctly on her ears.

"No! Mr. Elliston, you do not mean it!" Elliston smiled—Tiny peeped between the folding curtains and saw it all.

"Surely, Mr. Jerald can have no reason for misinforming you, Miss Dagmar."

"And you'll be obliged to settle on a farm? Oh, that will be dismal! quite a change from Broadway, and the white ponies to—"

"A farm wagon and a plowman's pack, I presume you mean to say."

There was bitterness in Mr. Elliston's tones, and Tiny could see the paleness of his face as he discussed the news of his sudden downfall. She thought it was because he was so troubled.

Dell was profuse of her sympathy; in a cold, hard, heartless way, that made Tiny's eyes flash in unwonted anger.

Then Mr. Elliston signified his intention of bidding the lady good-morning.

"I suppose, since you've learned the news, I am not to be favored with a permission to call?"

"Oh, dear!" simpered Dell. "I'm sure you are just the same to me as ever, only—"

She hesitated for a mild expression of her thoughts; Mr. Elliston frowned, and looked at his friend, Jerald.

"Exactly. I comprehend fully the situation. Mr. Elliston's penniless is hardly a desirable addition to the fashionable circle in which the Dagmars move."

He bowed with frigid courtesy, and Dell felt a pang of regret in her heart that she was so bound down by the codes of society

that she must give up the one bright dream of her selfish life.

"Perhaps you will convey my respectful regards to your cousin, Miss Fay? I never see her, lately. She is not ill, I hope?"

Tiny's heart gave a great flutter behind those rose-pink curtains.

"Oh, no; she is not sick. Tiny!"

Tiny heard the peremptory summons, and the hot blood mounted to her very temples.

"Tiny! Mr. Elliston wishes you."

So the plain-faced, curly-haired girl came forward, with such a shy, sweet grace, that Elliston wondered he never had observed it before. Involuntarily he extended his hands to greet her; and little Tiny, through her blushes, managed to bow and murmur some inaudible words, wondering all the while if Dell had discarded Mr. Elliston because Mr. Jerald had said he had lost his property, and feeling quite sure that it was the first time that Dell ever had summoned her to Mr. Elliston's presence.

To be sure they had met often and often during that long season, but it was only for a few minutes, and then Tiny perfectly comprehended that she was to retire and leave a clear field for peerless Dell.

Mr. Elliston held her hands and looked down in her eyes a moment; Dell smiled a little impudently, and Mr. Jerald turned to see if the horses were quiet.

"You are a barefaced creature, Tinetta Fay! I am ashamed of you! and however you dared do such a bad, unwarrantable thing, is more than I can tell."

Miss Dell Dagmar scowled at the girl who had just entered the room, her jaunty hat and saque still on, her short curls wind-blown over her pink, air-kissed cheeks.

Tiny stopped short, and looked inquiringly up at Dell.

"Why, what have I done?"

"What have you done, sure enough?" mimicked Dell, her face growing pale with passion, "as you are so innocent, you sickening thing!"

Tiny's lips quivered; it was so hard to have her feelings wounded at the caprice of her passionate cousin.

"You've played your game admirably, you deceitful woman! You've never mentioned a word to mamma or I about meeting Mr. Elliston every time you went for a walk down the avenue! But we found you out, sly, artful minx! and now, you may just walk out of this house faster than you came in!"

Mamma saw Mr. Elliston, and he's coming here this very evening, and each a character as I shall give him of you!"

Tiny's lips did not tremble now; she drew her slight, graceful figure proudly up; her eyes grew indignant, and she looked Dell full in the face.

"Spare your words, Dell Dagmar! I will gladly leave this house to-night, for I had intended going very soon at all events. As to Mr. Elliston, I do not know that you should object to my seeing him, if he chose and I chose. When he was rich, he was too good for me, you thought. Now that he is poor, I suppose you think I am of your opinion—that he should be beneath my notice."

Dell's eyes flashed at Tiny's unusual spirit.

"Perhaps you are in love with him?" she remarked, scornfully.

Tiny's cheek flushed; then she answered, quietly:

"Perhaps I am."

Dell gave a scream of rage.

"You brazen creature! And I dare venture to say, you'd marry him if he asked you."

"Yes, I think I should, if he asked me," Tiny replied, quietly.

A sudden gleam of satisfaction lighted Dell Dagmar's eyes. Then they were not engaged, after all! She had been so afraid it had gone that far. Of course, now that she had learned that the news regarding Mr. Elliston had only been a mischievous canard by his friend, Mr. Jerald, Dell had decided to win him to her side again; and her heart went out longingly after the white ponies and their stylish owner.

But, little Tiny had taken advantage of the position; and Dell was fearful lest Tiny now had the game!

Well, she would make a last desperate struggle; and the first move was to order Tiny from the house, and then invite Mr. Elliston to spend an evening.

So, proudly silent, Tiny Fay walked down the brown-stone steps, and up the wide avenue, wondering where she should lay her head that night, and feeling a delightful security in the possession of a twenty-dollar gold piece in her portemonnaie at that moment.

She could go to a hotel for the night, at any rate; and, on the morrow, she would obtain a situation.

She turned the corner, a little absorbed in her reveries, and almost walked over—Mr. Elliston!

The servants had lighted the parlors, and arranged every thing in faultless order. Mrs. Dagmar, in a heavy, trailing black silk, walked about in a flutter of delight, for her favorite had been away so long; and she was fully armed with her graceful little apologies.

In her elegant dressing-room, Dell was preparing her toilette to do full honor to the occasion. A costly dress of light-blue silk, richly trimmed with velvet—one that Mr. Elliston had several times admired in the past days—was the dress she selected for that evening.

She arranged her hair in floating curls, and left off all jewelry, excepting her watch and chain—because Mr. Elliston did not like jewelry except of a useful nature.

She went down to the parlors with the glow of color on her cheeks, and a vivid luster to her eyes.

She was beautiful, and she knew it; she was possessed of a happy tact, and she knew that, too. Mr. Elliston had loved her—or seemed to—and she was confident she would win him to her side again.

Sitting by the register, reading, she heard the carriage drive rapidly to the door, then stop; she heard Mr. Elliston come up the steps; the ring followed, then his tread on the velvet carpet, and she arose with a smile of warmest welcome.

"Mr. Elliston! I am so glad to see you again! You can form no idea how I have missed you. We all were so anxious to see you."

He laughed gayly, and Dell's heart gave a sudden leap of ecstasy to note how like the old times, in his manner, he was.

"Yes," he said, looking earnestly at her; "I, too, wanted to see you and Mrs. Dagmar, very particularly. You can not imagine why?"

Dell raised her brilliant eyes to his; then the rich blood suffused her cheeks.

"How should I know, Mr. Elliston?"

"Because you are so nearly concerned, Dell. Will you grant me the favor I am about to ask?"

His tone was so meaning, so deliciously confidential.

"You can be assured I would not refuse to grant any favor you considered proper to request, Mr. Elliston."

How her heart was throbbing!

"It is to promise me you will forget the past, with all its shades; to forgive me whatever part I played in the deception, and to promise me you will love—love—"

Mr. Elliston hesitated, then took Dell's hand.

She looked at him a second; he was so noble, so handsome, and yet he was so diffident. He had asked her to "love," but his beautiful modesty prevented him from saying himself; with admirable benevolence, Dell determined to assist him.

"Mr. Elliston," she murmured, "I do love you, and always did."

He stepped back.

"I am sorry for that, Dell, because my wife claims all my love. I wished you to love her—poor, abused little Tiny; that was—Mrs. Elliston, that is, since five o'clock this afternoon. She is in the carriage. Shall I bring her in?"

Colder and colder grew his voice. Dell felt her cheeks turn pale, and the room seemed to be upside down; then—

Well, when Dell Dagmar recovered from a light fever, a fortnight after, it was Mrs. Elliston who was bending over her; she saw Tiny's husband and Mrs. Dagmar in a pleasant conversation, and all old wounds healed up. So Dell's discretion prevailed, and now she is very proud of her "cousins, the Ellistons."

Overland Kit:
OR,
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.CHAPTER XXXIV.
WAKING THE SLEEPER.

GINGER BILL ran from the Eldorado to the express office as fast as his legs could carry him. All was dark within the office. It was evident that the Judge had gone to bed.

"Hallo, Judge! r'ise up an' come out, old hoss!" Bill shouted, rapping vigorously on the door.

There was no answer.

"I reckon he's laid right down to it!" Bill muttered, in disgust. "I've hollered loud 'nuff to wake a dead mule down at the bottom of the Reese. Say, Judge! wake up!"

And Bill beat against the door with his brawny fists.

At this second vigorous appeal there was a movement apparent inside the shanty. Bill's listening ears detected the prolonged yawn of the sleeper, waking slowly.

"He kin sleep sound 'nuff fur six; I reckon he must be pretty easy about the conscience for to snooze it out this way," the driver observed to himself. "Say, Judge, git up an' come fur me! Thar's jist old blazes to pay in this hyer ranche!"

Who's there? asked the Judge, evidently only half awake.

"I want you for sure things are riled 'round an' they hev rung in a 'cold deal' on us," Bill replied.

"Come in the morning," and the Judge turned over to go to sleep again.

"See hyer, ef you don't git up, I'll kick the hull end-board of this hyer shanty in!" cried Bill, indignantly.

What's the matter? The Judge began to have an impression that something important had occurred.

"Blazes to pay, I tell you!" growled Bill.

"How does it concern me?" asked the Judge. "I can't be called out of my bed on account of every drunken row that occurs in town. Let 'em fight it out among themselves, and the more roughs there are killed, the better for Spur City. Go 'way and stop your noise! You ought to know better than to come and disturb me in this way." The Judge spoke testily. He was evidently annoyed at being disturbed.

"Ain't you the she-hoss of this hyer ranche, or ain't yer?" cried Bill, in a rage. "Ef you don't git up I'll hit this old shebang sich a welt, that you'll reckon a 'Frisco earthquake has got hyer."

"Are you drunk, too?" cried the Judge, in anger, rising up in his bed.

"Come out an' see," replied Bill, giving the door a tremendous kick. "It's no use, Judge; you've got to come; nary a wink more sleep will you get this night, an' I mighty nigh reckon now, anyway. So jist 'lie out an' see me!"

Grumbling with anger, the Judge got out of his bunk, and, lighting a candle, unfastened the door.

Bill walked in. The Judge was in his under-clothes, just as he had got up, with a blanket wrapped around him.

"Now, then, what the devil do you want, disturbing me at this hour of the night?" the Judge asked, an angry look upon his stern face.

"That's been blazes to pay up in the Eldorado—"

"Ah, some of Injun Dick's work?" asked the Judge, interrupting the speech of the driver.

"Well, I reckon you'd better not bet on that, 'cos he ain't mixed up in the littlest affair at all."

"What has happened?"

A feller murdered right in his bed—stuck jist like a pig."

"Who?"

"Young Gay, the miner, from up in the Gully, who's been on a 'tare' round hyer for about three days."

"Gay?" said the Judge, thoughtfully.

"Yes, Gay Tappennail, or something of that sort; durned ef I know exactly. He's jist been gone for; he won't ante up any time more, you bet!"

Is he dead?"

"Well, I reckon he is; he's got as many digs as ef he'd been huggin' a grizzly bear."

"When did this happen?" asked the Judge, beginning to dress himself.

"He was went for 'bout an hour ago. I know jist 'bout the time, 'cos he an' me were a-histin' down in the saloon all the evenin'."

That poor cuss could drink more tanglefoot than any other man of his weight in the diggin's."

"Was he intoxicated when he went to bed?" asked the Judge, pulling his shirt over his head.

"I reckon he was; took me all I knew how fur to carry him up-stairs. I corraled him in bed, an' left a candle burning; then I went down-stairs ag'in; an' 'bout an hour arter, I came up an' jist thought I'd take a look an' see how the galoot was, an' we found him kivered with blood. I r'ally weakened, Judge; poor little cuss, he must have thrown up his hand mighty sudden."

"You say 'we'; was there anybody else with you when you discovered the murdered man?" the Judge asked, finishing his hasty toilette by pulling on his boots.

"Yes, Jim Rennet."

"Did you discover any trace of the murderer?" and as the Judge put the question, he buckled a navy revolver to his side.

"We diskivered the weapon that did fur him."

"Ah!" and Jones looked earnestly into Bill's face. He foresaw that the discovery of the murderer's weapon might prove a clue to the door of the deed.

"Arter we found the body we went to call Miss Jinnie, jist fur to tell her all 'bout it. Jim knocked on the door, an' it were unlatched an' flew open, an' thar stood Jinnie, with the bloody Bowie in her hand, an' the blood from it had daubed all over the front of her dress."

Jones started, and a strange expression swept over his face. Bill noticed it and wondered at the look.

"Then Jim Rennet told me to run for you as fast as I could go, an' now you know jist as much about it as I do."

"How did the girl appear when you discovered her with the bloody knife in her hand?" the Judge asked, fixing his keen eyes intently on the face of the driver.

"Skeered to death, you bet! I reckon her face was whiter nor a b'iled rag. Never seed her skeered afore; either; she's jist as full of pluck as a wild-cat; she ain't one of the squalling kind of feminees."

"I'm afraid that she will need all her courage," the Judge said, dryly, as he passed out into the air. Bill following, wondering in his mind what the Judge meant by this last remark.

Jones locked the door of the express office carefully behind him, and then started up the street toward the Eldorado. Bill came close behind him.

The mind of the driver was in a fog. A certain indefinite suspicion passed through his brain; he could attach but one meaning to the words of the Judge, and that put a human life in peril.

"It can't be!" he muttered. "I wouldn't believe it ef I seed it; I'd swar my eyes lied."

When the two arrived at the Eldorado they proceeded up-stairs at once. The saloon had been closed up, but the side door was open, and a single light was burning on the counter.

As they passed by the bar, Bill noticed that the Chinese, Ah Ling, was asleep in his little bunk under the counter.

In the entry they found James Rennet. He had brought the lighted candle out of the room where the murder had been committed, and placed it on the floor of the entry.

"I've told the Judge all 'bout it," Bill said, unconsciously lowering his voice almost to a whisper.

wish the murdered man out of the way—we shall find it difficult to fix the crime upon the person, even though, in our own minds, we may feel confident that we have put our hands upon the actual murderer," the Judge said, slowly and deliberately.

"I think that my evidence will furnish all the proof necessary to convict the murderer," Renmet replied.

"Indeed?" questioned the Judge, earnestly.

"Yes; some few days ago, while under the influence of liquor, Tendail uttered some careless words. At the time I paid but little attention to them; but, now, I feel sure that they will serve as a clue as to who and what his assassin is."

"And those words?"

"Had reference to the person who was paying him to keep his tongue still. I guessed at once who it was, and now, after the discovery that Bill and I made a little while ago, I feel sure that I can prove who it was that killed Tendail."

"I can hardly find it in my heart to admit this dreadful suspicion," Jones said, slowly.

"It is dreadful, but looks are sometimes deceptive. I think that if we proceed cautiously and promptly, we shall be able to find some other important proofs," Renmet observed.

"You think, then, that we had better act at once?"

"Yes," Renmet replied.

"Very well; I'll leave you in charge of the house and the body while I'll go and rouse the citizens. We shall have to call upon the Vigilantes in this matter; Injun Dick and his men will probably attempt to give us trouble. Now that we have got our hand in, we might as well rid Spur City of two or three bad characters, or else string 'em up at the end of a rope as a warning. I think that we had better not proceed to take measures until morning. Do you think that there is any danger of the party attempting to escape?"

"No," Renmet replied; "all is dark in the room—gone to bed, of course."

"Plucky, eh?"

"More bravado than any thing else."

"Well, you and Bill keep watch here. After day-break the Vigilantes will act."

With this assurance, Judge Jones took his departure.

"I feel like a damned fool in this hyer matter," Bill blurted out. "I wish I'd drive my coach back to Austin instead of lettin' me go in my place; but, I won't believe it; darned if I will."

"You'll find out before to-morrow night," Renmet said, dryly. Then he examined his watch. "Half after two; we shan't have a great while to wait until day-break. Suppose you go in the room there and bring out a couple of chairs."

"What, whar' the dead man is?"

"Yes."

"No, I'm durned if I do!" exclaimed Bill, with a shiver. "I ain't afraid of much in this world, but I don't go in thar agin till daylight, you bet!"

"Why, Bill, you're a coward."

"I kin eat the man that says it, ef you'll only cut off his ears an' grease his head," Bill replied, stoutly. "Sides, thar ain't any cheers in thar; I reckon you think that you're in New York or Frisco, a-callin' fur cheers so handy."

"Perhaps there's a box round the entry somewhere?" Renmet suggested.

"I seed one a while ago, under the stairs," said Bill, after thinking for a moment.

Renmet took the candle, found the box, and brought it with him to his former station. Then the two sat down upon it and kept vigilant watch, though, as Bill observed, "t'wan't much use to watch a dead man, 'cos he wouldn't run away, no how you could fix it."

Renmet did not take the trouble to inform the stage-driver that he was watching the living and not the dead.

The express office was dimly lit by a half a dozen candles, burning in the tin sconces attached to the walls.

The flickering light fell upon a half a dozen stern and resolute faces. The Vigilante leaders were gathered in council. Judge Jones sat at his desk; the others were seated around him. The most prominent men in Spur City were represented there.

Quietly they had assembled at the Judge's summons, roused from their slumbers by the call to duty.

The Judge made a short speech, recounting the full particulars of the murder of Gains Tendail, to which the others listened attentively.

"And now, fellow-citizens," said the Judge, after completing his recital, "I think that the time for action is come. I think that the strong right arm of justice should be felt by the rogues that harbor in our midst; it is time that they be taught a lesson. The Vigilantes must rise, take a hand in the game, and wipe out these scoundrels. Spur City needs purifying, fellow-citizens, and upon us devolves that duty. We must let the desperadoes in our midst understand that we are terribly in earnest. No child's-play now; no more black cloaks, masks, and bug-a-boo stuff. Such fellows as this Dick Talbot laugh at it. You see that he has never heeded our menace at all. In fact, he defied our power by remaining. We don't want talk now, but work—short, sharp and decisive." Then the Judge sat down.

"But is there any reason, Judge, to connect Dick Talbot with this murder?" one of the committee asked.

"Well, no—not exactly," the Judge replied, slowly. "But still, as he is looked up to by a great many of these desperadoes as a sort of a leader it would be as well to make an example of him and so strike terror into the rest."

"Yes; but, Judge, I don't see what excuse we have got for making an example out of Talbot," said another one of the committee, Ben Haynes by name, who kept a general store next to the Eldorado.

"Well, only that he is the most conspicuous one of these roughs who are disgracing our town by their presence," Jones replied.

"It's true he don't work for a living, and gets his bread by playing cards; there ain't any thing so very bad about that, anyway—at least, not out in this region. They say he always plays a fair, square game, and never takes advantage of any man. Of course the men who play with him intend to win his money if they can; and I don't think much of a man who sits down to play cards with a gambler, and then squeals because he loses his money."

"To judge from your words, Haynes, you think that this reckless desperado is rather an honor to our town than a disgrace," Jones said, tartly.

"No; I don't think any thing of the

kind," Haynes replied, bluntly; "but I don't believe in giving a dog a bad name and then hanging him right off. I go in for justice every time. I don't say but what our town would be better without Dick Talbot than with him; but, I ain't sure of it. I'm perfectly willing to ask him to leave town if the sentiment of our citizens is that way; but it ain't, and I know that it ain't. And I tell you, right out, fair and square, Judge, if we try to string Injun Dick up without reason, we'll have our hands full."

"I kinder think Haynes is right there," said another one of the citizens.

"But if the evidence proves that Talbot had a hand in the murder of this miner, Tendail?" asked the Judge.

"Why, then we'll have a right to put him through," replied Haynes; "but I say, Judge, we'll give him a fair shake."

"Certainly; we will keep justice on our side," the Judge said, blandly.

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" that's my motto!" exclaimed Haynes.

"Of course; unless we represent the whole of Spur City, our power amounts to but little. The people must be with us and not against us. The honest and peaceable citizens must feel that we are doing them a service in ridding our community of the desperate cases who have sought refuge here, or we shall be acting with our hands tied."

A murmur of assent told that this point was well taken. A course of action was soon resolved upon, and an hour after day-break fixed upon as the time of action.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ARREST.

THE leaders of the Vigilantes dispersed to call out their friends. Bowie-knives and revolvers were in demand. The rising of the Vigilantes was something new for Spur City. The mining camp had never been "purified," to use the western expression.

Dark forms flitted like spectral figures from shanty to shanty in the early morning gloom.

There is something irresistible in Judge Lynch's summons.

The first gray lights of the morning were beginning to appear above the horizon. The darker shades of night were flying fast before the coming of the day-god.

Judge Jones and two or three of the committee stood in front of the express office in busy consultation.

The programme was that the Vigilantes should not show their hands openly at first, but in case of an attempt by the rough element to obstruct the career of justice, to rise and make a terrible example of the ring-leaders.

At last the Judge thought that the chances were in his favor. The discussion was ended that he had been taking an active part in, and he leaned back against the corner of the shanty. The first light of the morning, struggling through the mist and vapors of the dying night, illuminated his iron-like face. A look of satisfaction gleamed in his cold eyes.

As he leaned carelessly against the corner of the building, his arms folded across his massive chest, and his eyes fixed on the peaks of the far-off Sierra, gleaming bluish-white in the misty light, he seemed more like the statue of an ancient Roman, fantastically robed in the garb of modern times, than a living, breathing pioneer of the great Western advance-guard of American civilization.

The lips of the Judge moved, though the sound of his words were inaudible to all save himself. He was musing half aloud—a sign of deep thought.

"He will be sure to make some demonstration when he learns who it is that is accused of the murder of this miner. If he will only allow his passion to carry him away so as to defy our power—attempts to rescue the prisoner—excite a disturbance—do anything to give me a chance at him. I ask for nothing better. If he will only put himself in the wrong, so that I can have an excuse to string him up to a pine, I'd give ten years of my life, and I am not as young as I once was. How lucky this affair is! The odds are ten to one that it will drive Dick Talbot from Spur City; then who can keep me from the prize I seek to win?"

A look of fierce exultation swept over the face of the Judge as he put the question to himself. Victory seemed almost within his grasp.

The Judge was roused from his reverie by the sound of horses' hoofs. Three men came galloping up the street. The horse-men were the man-from-Red-Dog, the landlord of the Cosmopolitan, and Dave Reed.

The three pulled rein in front of the express office and dismounted.

"Say, Judge!" cried Brown, breathless, "we've corraled the critter!"

"Who?" asked Jones, in astonishment.

"Overland Kit!"

Each one of the little knot of men, grouped by the door of the shanty, started at this intelligence, and exclamations of astonishment rose in the air.

"You have captured Overland Kit?" the Judge asked, quickly.

"You bet!" replied the man-from-Red-Dog, in triumph.

"Where? where?" questioned all, gathering around the three in eager excitement.

"Up in the mountains; but he's passed in his checks," Brown said.

"Dead!" The Spur-Cityites were disappointed.

"I reckon that thar ain't any more life in him than in a dead mule's tail," Jim observed.

"Tell us about it!" one of the citizens exclaimed.

Brown briefly recounted how they had discovered the body of the road-agent, covered with wounds, behind the massive boulder.

"Bore the marks of a desperate fight, eh?" Jones said.

"I reckon he did," Brown replied; "he was reg'larly chewed up."

Jones guessed at the truth in an instant. He remembered what the ruffian, Joe Rain, had said in regard to Overland Kit. It was plain to him that Kit had tracked Rain, had attempted to punish him for his treachery, but had perished in the struggle.

"We kivered the body up with rocks so as to keep the wolves from it, Judge; but the critters had commenced on the face afore we got there," Brown said.

"Well, I suppose that you may as well let it be just where it is," said Jones, after thinking for a moment.

"But, I say; what's b'ilin', anyway, fur to bring you out of your roosts so early?" Brown asked.

"There has been a murder committed; we are going to arrest the criminal, and if

there is any resistance made, the Vigilantes will probably take a hand in," Jones replied.

"Wal, I don't keer if I jine in the funeral myself," the man-from-Red-Dog remarked, carelessly.

"Count me in, too," Brown said.

"And me; I go fur order, every time!" Read exclaimed; which remark, considering that the speaker had probably been in more "difficulties" than almost any other man in town, was something wonderful.

"Very well, gentlemen; we want all the good men in town; we may have to do a little cleaning out after we get our hand in," Jones said, dryly.

The approach of a force consisting of some fifteen men, marching up the street with military precision, put a stop to the conversation. The new-comers, all fully armed, were headed by Haynes.

"All ready, Judge, for a start," Haynes said, as he halted his men in front of the shanty.

"Life is short; we might as well be going," Jones remarked, putting himself at the head of the party.

Up the street went the squad, counter-marching, and halted in front of the Eldorado. All within the hotel were apparently still asleep.

After deploying the squad so as to surround the building, Jones and Haynes entered the hotel. They ascended at once to the second floor. There they found Renmet and Bill seated on the box, keeping guard.

"Everything all right?" the Judge asked.

"Ain't a mouse stirred," Bill replied.

"The party is still here, then?"

"Yes; there hasn't been a movement in the room," Renmet said, rising to his feet, an example which Bill followed.

"I suppose that we might as well make the arrest now as at any other time," the Judge observed, slowly. It was plain that the duty was a disagreeable one, and that he hated to act in the premises.

"The sooner the better, I think," Renmet replied. "Justice shouldn't lag in a case of this sort. I think that the sooner we get the party out of this the better it will be, for, if the affair gets noised around, there may be a few, impelled by sympathy, who will interfere and make trouble."

"That is all provided for!" the Judge exclaimed, quickly. "I've got fifteen or twenty well armed men down-stairs; enough to crowd down any attempt at a rescue."

"You had better make the arrest, then, at once," Renmet said.

"Where is the body?" Haynes asked.

"In that room thar," and Bill pointed to the door.

"This is the room, isn't it?" Jones asked, after pausing irresolute for a moment, pointing to the door of Jimmie's apartment.

"Yes," Renmet answered.

The Judge knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Jimmie, apparently waking at once.

"I, Judge Jones. I want to see you at once, please." The voice of the Judge trembled as he spoke.

"Yes."

Then could be heard the sound of the girl moving around in the room. The light of a candle shone through the narrow crack over the door.

While Jimmie was dressing, the four in the entry remained silent as statues. The sound of their heavy breathing alone broke the stillness that seemed to rest like a pall upon all around. Grave were the faces of the four men as they waited.

At last the door opened and Jimmie appeared. She started just a little as she saw the four. In their stern faces she read signs of evil.

"What's the matter, gents?" she asked.

"Miss Jimmie, a painful duty devolves on me," the Judge said, slowly and reluctantly. "I must arrest you."

"Arrest me! for what?" questioned the girl, in dismay.

"For murder."

Slowly and solemnly the Judge uttered the terrible words.

"Arrest me for murder?" Jimmie exclaimed, as if she doubted the evidence of her ears.

"Yes; for the murder of Mr. Gains Tendail."

Jimmie turned and took up her hat from the table.

"I am ready to go with you," she said, simply.

"Mr. Haynes, take charge of the lady; I must look at the body," the Judge said. Then he took the candle and entered the room of the murdered man. Hardly had he entered the room, when a loud cry of astonishment summoned all to his side.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 68.)

The Boy Clown: OR, THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA. A ROMANCE OF THE RING.

BY FRANK STANISLAUS FINN.

CHAPTER XI.

AVENGED!

MASTER PAT'S daring deed was easier contemplated than carried out. The odds were greatly against him. The house was there, and so was the girl, but he wasn't so sure of there not being others who were guarding Jessie. If he endeavored to make an entrance—though by what means he could scarcely say—he might, himself, be taken a prisoner, and that would be like getting out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"Let's rasyon the matter over a bit, and see what decision Pat and me is likely to come at," Pat's courage says, "take the gal away, by all means, and be a hero of immortal fame." Pat's prudence tells him, "I would be better to inform Mr. Henry of his gal's whereabouts." Courage says, "Act like a fool, and Prudence says, 'Behave like a true son of old Ireland's sod.' So I'll follow Mr. Prudence's advice, and save the gal's bacon as well as my own, while my legs remark that it's best for me to let them trot with their full force to the theatre, and see Mr. Clown."

And away he went, much to the grief and disappointment of poor Jessie, who imagined her deliverance was close at hand.

Henry had just come from the ring when Pat met him and informed him of his news. At first our young hero was overpowered with delight at the glad tidings; but, looking at the case in a serious light, he could see but little he could do. He had no right to release Jessie; for, if Murker was her father, the man had certainly the law on his side.

Speaking of the law put it into his mind

that, maybe, there was a way Murker could be intimidated. Yet how? The memory of that awful night, when he came near losing his life, came vividly before him, and he felt that the time had arrived for action. To the courts of law he would carry the case. Henry finally decided to place these matters before his own enemy and that of Jessie, and give his promise not to prosecute, if the assumed father would resign all claim to the girl and allow her to remain with the Atkinses, in peace and quiet. If Murker proved himself unwilling to accede to Henry's plan, then the boy resolved to have him arrested. He felt assured he would be proven guilty, and might be sentenced to a term of imprisonment until Jessie became of age and was her own mistress.

"And what do you think of that plan, Pat?" asked Henry.

"Faith, the old haythen might dare yez to do your worst, and be axin' after yer proofs," was Pat's reply.

"I should think the evidence of his ruffianism and his bad character were enough to convict him."

While these two lads were conversing together, poor Jessie watched the gathering clouds, wondering all the while why the Irish boy did not make an effort to save her. And where was Henry? Had all her friends deserted her?

Had she argued the dangers as well as had the Irish philosopher, she would not have blamed them so much as she did; but we are very apt to censure our best friends while they are doing all that lies in their power to aid us. Jessie was restless. She would walk up and down the little room in which she was imprisoned, and then lie down, only arising to have another walk. Many times a day did she try the fastenings of her door and windows, but she always found them secure. Yet in her trial she did not forget to ask the aid of the Omnipotent One, and, while she knelt in prayer, for her deep griefs and troubles.

In the lower portion of the building Murker and his tool, Gregson Shorebird, the man who had abducted Jessie, were in conclave. The dim light of a flickering tallow candle made these two men look as though they were evil spirits.

"Well, Gregson, you have done your work well. How much are you coming down on me for? Don't be hard on a man, now," said Murker.

"Well, seeing it's you, I shall let you off easy with only five hundred dollars," answered Gregson.

"What?"

"Only five hundred dollars."

"Phew!" whistled Murker. "Altogether too much."

"I don't think so. You yourself acknowledge that the work was well done."

"Well, don't get excited about it. Here, take a glass of this brandy; it's just the thing to warm up the cockles of your heart this bitter night."

"Come, now, none of your tricks on me, Mart, Hinckley, for I won't stand them."

"What do you mean by calling me Mart, Hinckley?"

"Only a playful habit I have of addressing persons by their proper names."

"Well! That isn't mine."

"Isn't it? Perhaps you have got married and changed it."

"What the deuce are you talking about?"

"Since you seem to be so desirous for information, I don't mind telling you. I don't know what kind of a memory you are blessed with, but I do know that mine is a pretty good one. Some years back there lived a young girl who was the idol of her mother's heart, and it seemed mighty hard that a vile serpent should drag its slimy body into that abode of happiness. But the serpent had money, and having a wily tongue, made the girl think he was all he pretended to be. What was the end of it? There's a mother—who was never a wife—and a babe, whose father was a villain, lying in the graveyard."

"I am not accountable for her death. I saw her meet a man one night. She was faithless to me."

"Who was speaking about you? I thought your name was Archibald Murker."

"Pshaw! I said that but to try you."

"What a mighty good joke that is. Maybe you'd make a fortune on the stage, or in the circus-ring, although I scarcely imagine your witty sayings would please everybody. But, I will tell you one thing, and that is, Bessie Ashton was not unfaithful to Mart Hinckley. The man he saw her meet was her own brother."

"It is a lie."

"I swear it to be the solemn truth."

"She had no brother."

"She had, but you—I mean Mart Hinckley—knew not of his existence, for he was obliged to keep in hiding to save himself from prosecution for debts he had contracted, but which he was unable to pay."

"Again I say a lie."

"And again I say it is the solemn truth. Mart Hinckley, villain that you are, look on me. For years I have prayed for this time to come, to get you once in my power. I have sworn an oath upon the Bible, while I knelt at my sister's grave, to have your life's blood. Beware the vengeance of Carlton Ashton!"

Murker, who had been trembling through this interview, arose to his feet. For the first time in his life he felt himself to be a coward, and would have made for the door, but a bullet from the pistol of his adversary brought him to the ground. He staggered to his feet, and with what strength he had left, drew a dagger and drove it to the hilt into the heart of the man who was the brother of the girl he had so wronged.

The man fell dead without a groan.

The blood, flowing from the wounds of these two men, trickled underneath the door, and made large red spots on the white snow.

Bessie heard the pistol shot, and, in an agony of fright, screamed aloud. There were two voices sounding on the night air—a man's and a girl's. And both cried: "Murder!"

CHAPTER XII.

SUNSHINE THROUGH SHADOW.

THE doors of the house were burst open, and Henry, Pat, and a policeman made an entrance. A strange scene met their gaze—a scene to cause the blood to stagnate in the veins. The dead man lying on the floor, with his glassy eyes fixed upon the ceiling, while his murderer was fast approaching the world of shadows. The policeman strove to staunch his wounds and raised his head; his hour of death was drawing near he knew.

Henry and Pat made their way to the chamber where Jessie was concealed and

released her. The three then returned to the lower room.

"Murker, you have not long to live in this world; if you have aught to repent of, confess it now, and thus relieve your conscience," said Henry.

"Oh! I have loads to tell, if my life is but spared me," was Murker's answer.

The policeman opened his note-book and took down the confession. Hinckley told them that his name was not Murker, and also of his bad treatment of the girl named Bessie Ashton, and his murder of her brother.

"Years ago I fled my country, and arrived in this land. My way led through a large forest. What to do and where to go, I scarcely knew. I had not gone a great way, when I beheld, lying on the ground, a ghastly skeleton. The clothes it had on were about dropping to pieces. I looked them through, and found in them letters, notes, and a roll of bills. I found the name of the man to have been Archibald Murker. There was a small locket, which I opened, and my surprise knew no bounds when I found that one of the pictures was the very image of myself. I resolved that I would be Archibald Murker, and see what luck would have for me under a new title. Water, water!"

Murker had got to this part of his story when he was overtaken with great thirst, which was relieved by Henry giving him water.

A pause of a few moments, and Hinckley continued. He had not little more to tell. He had found nothing to come of the changing of his name, until he arrived at the hut of the old woman, and read Mr. Atkins' letter, which was brought to her by Pat Doley. It all at once entered into his mind that he could make use of that letter, and with Jessie palmed off as his

solved to be no more cast down, or allow myself to be despondent. If it was God's pleasure that I was to remain upon the island for my lifetime, I must submit to His will; but, if He saw fit to have me taken from it, He would do it in His own good time.

"Your story is a very wild one, and sounds like a novel," said Mr. Atkins.

"It is a true one; and, as I told you how I was punished for murdering, I must now tell you how I was rewarded for my submission. One day, as I was reading over Ben's old scrap-book, I came to the passage: 'When you are in trouble, remember that the Lord will provide.' I looked up, and saw a vessel coming directly to the place where I was sitting. The captain, on hearing my story, was surprised. Taking me on board of his ship, we sailed for home.

"On the vessel was an old gentleman who was returning home from India, to spend the remainder of his days among his kindred and friends. On the voyage, which was a stormy one after I came on board, the old man was taken ill, and, as every one else was engaged in handling and taking care of the vessel during the storm, it devolved upon me to nurse and make the invalid as comfortable as might be.

"This I cheerfully did, waiting upon him day and night, administering his medicines, reading to him during the long days, and relating for his amusement the adventurous story of my shipwreck, and how I lived on the island.

"But all was to no purpose. The thread of the old man's life was run out; and one day, after being left alone with the captain and another passenger, who proved to be a lawyer, for several hours, he sent for me, bade me good-by, and in a few hours was dead.

"After the burial, the captain summoned me to the cabin, and displayed a will, by which I was made the sole heir to all the old man's wealth.

"And you have all his property?" said Jessie.

"Yes, all; but the dearest property I have now, is you, my darling girl. Would to Heaven your angel mother could have been spared to see this day."

"For that you must blame me," answered Mr. Atkins. "Had it not been for my selfish and foolish pride of caste, this might have been prevented."

"But Jessie's father," replied, "let the dead past, bury its dead."

"The skeleton in the woods still remains a mystery to me," said Henry.

"And, until the last great day, must remain so. The only conclusion I can arrive at is this: The man who robbed me must have been going through the forest, when he was seized with a fit," answered Jessie's father.

"Faith! And I'd like to find a father with a heap of money," said Pat.

"Your kindness, Jessie, must never be forgotten, and a home with me you shall always have," replied Mr. Murker.

"If I wasn't a youngster, and you wasn't the true gentleman that you are, I'd be after calling you a 'broth of a boy.'"

"Pat is a noble fellow, and it is to him that we owe Jessie's preservation," said Henry.

Mrs. Smart had her house full that night, and her guests were visited with calm and pleasant dreams.

The two men, whose lives had been so suddenly terminated, were buried the next day. Their lives had not been good ones, and we can, without a regret, dismiss them from the scene.

CHAPTER XIII

EXTINGUISHING THE LIGHTS.

WHENCE this clapping?—whence these loud bravo's? It is indeed a gala night, and the theater is crammed from floor to ceiling. It is the benefit and last appearance of the "Boy Clown." Yes, after to-night, he retires from his public life. Mr. Atkins has offered Henry a home, which has, this time, been accepted. Perhaps the knowledge that Jessie's father has purchased a plantation adjoining it, has had something to do with his decision.

The time had come for Henry's farewell speech, and as he was preparing to utter it, the manager in behalf of the company, presented him with a magnificent gold watch and chain.

"Kind friends," said the Boy Clown, "let me thank you, one and all, for your kindness. What is life, after all, but a circus-ring? We are continually striving for some great end. We leap over banners, either to fall on the ground of poverty, or land safely and firmly on the good steed, prosperity. As a circus must always have a clown, so must life have its jesters, and as John Owens says in 'Solon Shingle,' 'it's jest so.'"

The Boy Clown's task was over, and as he threw off his motley suit, he gave a sigh, as though he repented of what he was about to do. But, the thoughts of Jessie cheered him. He dressed and went in search of his party who were waiting for him in front of the theater.

Early the next day Atkins, Murker, Jessie, Henry and Pat started for their Southern home. Pete and Dinah were the first to notice their arrival, and many were the bows and courtesies bestowed upon them. Mrs. Atkins had many a start of fright when she heard all that had happened, but she said she always did doubt Jessie's being Hinckley's daughter. There was a visit to the churchyard by all of our group, and many a tear fell on the tombstone marked, "Lizzie." Perhaps her spirit watched them and was pleased. Who can tell? Lizzie's life had been a sad one. Cast away from home, she had wandered with her child, until she reached the hut of the old woman, where she left the infant. She was made to believe that both her husband and child were dead.

But, why linger over these sad scenes? Lizzie is in a happier land, where she will be joined by those she loved.

Pete and Dinah had a grand wedding, and Pete declared to goodness that he'd never tasted better fixins' to de geese or chickens, and "dat dem geese never had better hams laid on dem, dis Miss Dinah's."

"Lor's, Pete, you make dis nigger vain, and vanity is a cryin' evil and a sin. Dem geese hain't got no feelin's, for if dey had I wouldn't be so cruel as to hurt dem," answered Dinah.

"Well, Dine, you didn't seem to kee how cruel you treated me once, when you 'fused to hab me.'"

"You oughter opened your testament and found consolation (consolation) dere."

"So I did, Dine, so I did, but de good book said, 'it is not good for man to live alone,' and dat book allers speaks de trufe."

"Well, you's got me now and you oughter be satisfied."

While they were dancing and feasting, a wagon drove up, driven by our friend the peddler. He had been traveling, and learning that his once-companions were staying at the Atkinses, had made them a call. He brought them the news of the death of the old woman who had the care of Jessie. Her "darter with the pension" was there, and endeavored to set her cap for the peddler, but he followed Sam Weller's advice, and "bearded the widow's eye."

Our young Irish lad, Pat, worked on Mr. Murker's plantation, as he said he "was bound to aim his board."

One day, Henry received a letter from his former friend, Charles Morton, informing him of a severe illness. Henry at once wrote for him to come and make him a visit. He had not forgotten his midnight vigil.

"Ah! Charley," said Henry, as they were together, "I little thought that day when you told me to beware of Hinckley, so many ills and perils would surround me. Pat will insist that, as I have escaped from death so many times, I must have been born to be hung."

"I scarcely think his prophecy will turn out a true one. Perhaps Jessie is the one to hang, but it will be around your neck, and that kind of a chain you wouldn't mind."

Henry blushed.

"Why should you blush, Henry? Jessie is a good girl, and you are a good boy. You love her, and she—"

"Does she love me?"

"Of course; why should she not?"

"I've sometimes thought, since you have been here, that she came over to see you very often."

"Jealous, Henry? You have no need to be. She loves none but you, and I hope to get well enough to dance at your wedding."

So you needn't let the green-eyed monster attack you again. She is an angel of sympathy and kindness. She feels friendship for me—nothing more; but it is love she has for you."

Charles was right. Young as they were, they had each deserved the other's love.

A little more to say, and our story is done.

Pete and Dinah are the jolliest couple out, and if you desire to see two sets of shining ivorys, just get Henry to tell a few of his circus jokes to them of course I mean to the owners of the said ivorys. Pat is a great favorite on the plantation, and he has caused many an unmarried wench to fast on midsummer's eve, and at midnight lay a clean cloth, with bread and cheese, and ale, sitting down as if going to eat, the street door being left open, solemnly assuring them that the person they are to marry will come into the room, and drink to them by bowing, afterward fill the glass, make another bow, and retire.

Charles is rapidly improving in health, and, at his own desire, will rejoin his circus.

Mr. and Mrs. Atkins find in their son-in-law a noble and upright man, and proud of him they are, too. He is assiduous for their welfare, and his care of the grave of the dead Lizzie proves how much he loved her.

Jessie is loved by all, especially by Henry.

And of the young gentleman who serves as a title to these gathered threads? Does he not deserve a happy life? He has it now. But, in the future, he sees a vision of leading Jessie to the altar as his bride; and between you and me, kind reader, the vision will prove a true one. The Boy Clown's record is done. He has had many an adventure, and if the narrator has failed to depict his career as would an abler pen, be lenient and criticize not too harshly.

The circus is out.

Extinguish the lights!

THE END.

The Son's Revenge.

BY CARLOS B. DUNNING.

"Come, rot out, Ned! we've determined to be off to-day. The Indian has come in, and brings the best kind of news. By Jove! we'll make the fur fly this trip, or I'm mighty out of it!"

Such were the words that saluted me on waking from a sound sleep, as I swung in my hammock under the perch of a house in Albuquerque.

Our party, numbering twenty-nine, all mountain-men without exception, had been waiting several days for the return of our Indian runner, who had agreed to bring us certain information in regard to the country we proposed penetrating.

Some of the boys had objected, and, seriously, to start with the above number, asserting it was an unlucky one, and insisting that an effort should be made to secure one more, and thus make the even thirty. One or two of the old trappers strongly advocated this, and finally it was decided to try and secure a suitable man to join us.

This we were enabled to do in the person of a stranger, who had come in a day or two previous—a tall, powerfully-built, and active man, splendidly armed with the latest unknown repeating rifle (Colt's), and revolver, and equally as well mounted, which, in our eyes, was absolutely indispensable. He was, I think, the most perfect specimen of physical strength, activity, and gracefulness, that I have ever seen; and his face was one that invariably made friends, on the moment, with all whom he met. Long, black hair, with here and there a silver thread showing in strong contrast, hung down upon his broad shoulders, while a mouth indicative of immense resolution and indomitable firmness.

When approached on the subject of joining our party, he eagerly agreed to do so, without even a question as to our destination, length of stay, or purposes in view. He frankly stated that he cared not where we went, how far we penetrated, or how great might be the danger. All he wanted was an active, stirring life, the more hazardous the better. When asked as to how we should address him, he replied, rather confusedly, I thought, that he was known as Verde Oakley, and considered that would serve as well as any other name.

I have been thus particular in describing him, from the fact that the incident I am about to relate concerns him more nearly than any other.

Leaving Albuquerque about noon, we struck out for the San Juan mountains, it being our intention to cross through Campbell's Pass, thence northward, to where Fort Defiance now stands, and from there enter

the great unknown tract that stretches away to the Wasatch mountains on the north and to the west, no man knew how far.

I need not dwell upon the general features of that long, and, as it proved to be, terrible tramp.

Although we entered and passed through the finest hunting-grounds that any present had ever seen, yet we were possessed with the idea that better still lay beyond, and at length whispers of gold-hunting began to be heard among some of the younger rangers.

Our Indian scout had uttered some vague hints as to a certain valley, rich in treasure, that lay upon the further side of a desert reach; and, with this view, the majority lost sight of the real object of the expedition. In the discussion that ensued, Verde Oakley took sides with neither party. He was still indifferent as to where we went, and when, at length, he was appealed to to give his vote, he declined, with the assertion that he had no right to a voice in the matter.

There was another of the party who manifested a like indifference, but, as he was an old comrade, and we were used to his ways, nothing was said to him upon the subject.

Eldridge, or, as he was better known, 'Ridge' Rowan, had joined our party a year or so previous to the present time, and, as he was known to have served under Jack Hayes, he was, of course, a welcome addition to the "Free Rangers," as we were termed.

Where he had originally come from, none of us knew, though there was a rumor that, when he was yet a mere boy, his father and eldest brother had been foully murdered by a secret enemy, and that the shock had killed his mother, thus leaving him alone in the world. This rumor further said that Rowan had persistently hunted the murderer, since then, but had never succeeded in running him to earth, and that he was now pursuing his present course of life in hopes of discovering him somewhere amid the Western wilds.

Numbers carried the day, and, sorely against the judgment of the older rangers, we broke camp and turned our horses' heads toward the jornada.

Pressing rapidly forward, all eager, now that we had fully determined on the venture, to make the attempt to reach the golden valley, although we well knew how great was the difficulty and how fearful the dangers always is in crossing a desert of any considerable size.

How great the extent of the one that lay before us we knew not—our only guide being the direction of the Indian, who had said, ride three days due west from a certain known locality, and we would strike somewhere in the neighborhood.

By noon of the day following we observed the timber thinning out fast, and here and there, patches of sandy soil cropping out.

At nightfall of the same day we stood upon the crest of a low range of sand-hills overlooking the desert that stretched away toward the west.

We had laid in a supply of jerked buffalo and venison, the water-gourds were freshly filled, and, at daylight the next morning, we were in the saddle and off upon our reckless journey over the sandy waste.

Riding steadily, and halting only for a few moments at noon to breathe the "caliente," we made extraordinary progress, considering the nature of the ground, and, just before sunset, one of the fellows called out that timber was in sight ahead.

There, along the horizon, lay a dark line, the appearance of which was familiar to all; but, after an hour's hard driving, and finding that we were no nearer than at first, we reluctantly gave in to the assertion of old Joe Logstone, the most experienced of the band, that we were pursuing a shadow, or, in other words, a *chance*. With the setting of the sun the delusion vanished, but only to return with its rising, in many and varied forms, ever beckoning us onward, only to fade away when we were most certain of the reality.

I need not attempt a description of the days that followed, or how, in a labyrinth of bottomless chasms, endless canons, inaccessible cliffs, and towering rocks, each so like the other that even the experienced eyes of our oldest guides became confused, and failed to find a path from out the hideous place.

To go forward was now looked upon as certain death; to return fully as desperate. The water had given entirely out, not a drop remaining, and no earthly prospect of obtaining any.

One by one the animals fell, overcome by the intense heat of the sun from above, and that of shimmering sands under foot.

The knife then rapidly did its work, and every drop of precious blood was caught from the gaping wound in the poor brute's throat, to be equally divided among the perishing men.

Six days of this terrible suffering, and then a gap in our ranks. We buried him in the sand, and again began our weary tramp on the return path.

But why dwell upon those terrible days? Nearly half our number had fallen and died by the wayside, and still we staggered forward, our faces to the east. At length, just at nightfall, the stranger, Verde Oakley, gave out, and declared that he could go no further.

His powerful frame had shrunk almost to a skeleton; his face had taken on that hard, drawn look so peculiar to the near approach of death, and his eyes, now sunk deep in their sockets, glared with the fire of incipient insanity—insanity from terrible physical suffering.

Under the eastern side of a sand-hill we threw ourselves down to rest for the night. But what a rest it was! Oakley lay, as he had dropped, flat upon his back, his arms thrown helplessly out upon the sand, his eyes set, with a fixed stare, upon the darkening sky above, and his mouth wide open and gasping painfully as he drew the heated air into his parched lungs.

Seated some little distance off, I gazed upon the dying man with feelings hard to describe.

At once he turned his face toward me, and with difficulty called my name, at the same time making an effort to rise to a sitting posture; failing which, he fell helplessly backward before I could reach him.

"I am dying," he gasped, as he clung convulsively to my hand, "but I can not—who is that lying there close by?" and he slightly turned his head toward a figure extended at full length, face downward and resting upon the arms crossed beneath.

I could not recognize the man in the fast-gathering darkness, and so told Oakley.

"It matters not; but I thought it was him. Listen; while I have breath left me, the horrible secret that has weighed me down for so many years must be told. I cannot take it with me into the dread hereafter," and a fearful shudder shook the dying man from head to foot.

There is blood, the blood of the best friend I ever had, upon the hand you hold within your own. No brother could have been more kind to me than was Edward Rowan, and yet I slew him and his eldest born, and hugged myself with joy when the foul deed had been done."

A slight sound, proceeding, as I thought, from the recumbent figure near at hand, caught the ear of the speaker, and he paused and turned in that direction with a look of terror.

"Who is that man? But it matters not," he hastily added, as I rose to ascertain; and he continued, as I again knelt down at his side:

"I say I loved Edward Rowan like a brother, and so I did; but, in an evil hour, we both fixed our affections upon the same object. He won her, and I went out into the world, not a heart-broken man, but one who had determined to live henceforth only for a fixed, unalterable purpose. That purpose was the destruction of the man who had wrecked my life. How many years I awaited! Outwardly his friend, I sat at his fireside, partook of his food, played with his children, and in more than one case stood between him and pecuniary ruin. I was but waiting. For as the time went by, and I saw how his happiness, my hatred grew more bitter, and I finally determined to strike a double blow.

"One night, while walking upon the cliffs that overlooked the river, I beat him down with a heavy club, and hurled his body over the fearful chasm. His eldest boy was a little way off. I called to him, and, without a moment's pang, seized the innocent child, and cast him out to meet death on the jagged rocks below. The mother—"

"Died! Perished of a broken heart, you doubtless will say," shouted, though the tones were weak, a hoarse voice behind me, and before I could interpose in any way, Ridge Rowan had thrown himself upon the dying man, with one hand upon his throat, and the other plying his long, keen knife with desperate force and rapidity.

So quickly was the thing done that I was completely taken by surprise, and when, at length, I succeeded in dragging the now raving man from off his victim, the latter's spirit had fled through a dozen ghastly wounds.

The only words uttered by Rowan were, "I have found him at last," and these he continued to repeat over and over again.

The sudden excitement, combined with the excessive physical prostration, had, as I have intimated, made the young man a raving madman.

We confined his arms with a lariat, and next morning, after burying Oakley, we returned to the terrible march.

We were no longer safer than we thought, for, by noon, we had reached a small belt of timber, bordering upon a small stream of water, and here we rested for the rest of the day and night.

We eventually succeeded, after having lost nearly half our number, in reaching Albuquerque, where, by carefully nursing ourselves, we recovered from that terrible march over the jornada.

Young Rowan eventually recovered both mental and physical balance, yet he was never the same man, and not long afterward he was killed by a party of Comanches at Horseshoe Crossing, on the Pecos.

The thought of having stabbed to death a man who was even then dying, appeared to weigh heavily upon his conscience, and I have no doubt he sought his fate purposely.

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CHOOSE THE RIGHT DAY.

BY JOSEPH FLACKETT.

It is not long since I was frightfully green
In the secret of luck in this life,
You I thought that enough of the world I had seen
To venture my hand for a wife.
So, suiting the deed to the thought, I soon sped
To old Deacon White's, handy by,
And "popped" to sweet Maggie—when slap at my
head
A dish of soft soap she let fly.
I made myself scarce with the speed of the wind,
"You may bet," without any adieu,
Concluding, a "better-half" elsewhere I'd find,
Or I'd sail in a single canoe.
But Maggie, wa'n't ugly, as you may suppose,
Nor sunny, nor thus-wise inclined,
But was meek as a lily, and fair as a rose,
With a nature uncommonly kind.
'Twas washing-day, and she was deep in the suds,
Sharing all the vexations of work;
And you know when a woman is doing the duds,
She's as savage as a Turk.
But none is so ready as she to repair
An injury wrought, or a blow to atone,
And so I succeeded in this slight affair.
By letting Miss Maggie severely alone.
The sweetest apology very soon came,
With a wish "to atone this affair."
I gave her my terms; she accepted the same;
And I was made happy right there.
And when it was over, and the knot all complete,
She whispered, "I've something to say."
If men in proposing, with triumph would meet,
They should choose, always choose the right day.

The Veiled Sorceress.
A TALE OF LONDON.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

WHEN the infamously licentious Charles II. found himself firmly seated upon the throne of his decapitated father, and was satiated with Roundhead blood, he looked about him to fulfill, and magnificently at that, an oath made in the interest of Sir Esterbrook Falcolm, his trustiest cavalier.

In the darkest period of the monarch's life, when he was compelled to hide in trees, under huts and miasmatic fens to escape the vengeance of the regicides, Sir Esterbrook alone remained faithful, and, to reward him, Charles swore to place in his hand that of Editha Howard, the only child of the infirm Sir Jarold Howard, and the most beautiful woman in England.

The symmetrical form and prepossessing features of Sir Esterbrook had gained him the cognomen of the "Apollo of the Army," and he thought his handsome self irresistible to the comelier sex.

Editha Howard! His sin-stained heart leaped with joy at the vow of the hunted Stuart, whom he saw with prophetic vision seated upon the English throne. He did not serve Charles so faithfully through patriotic motives; he served for a reward as yellow as dying sunbeams, or the hand of the woman he passionately adored—Editha Howard.

The Stuart had intended, when fortune smiled upon him, to wrest Editha from the heart of her only remaining parent, and make her a bright, but lost, jewel in his contaminated court. He never dreamed that his follower's heart was set upon her, and was surprised, when he told Sir Esterbrook to ask any boon at his hands, that, instead of craving titles, lands or gold, he should ask what was not his to bestow—a woman's hand.

Notwithstanding this, the merrie monarch gave it to him, and swore that he should possess it.

The lamb loves not the wolf.
Thus it was with Editha Howard—she loved not the cavalier who came to her from the bacchanalian walls of a corrupt court, and, on bended knees, poured into her ears protestations of love.

When Sir Esterbrook asked her hand in marriage, she boldly refused it, telling its owner that he had best seek a companion in the palace.

The rejection soon reached Charles' ears. "I will humble her, Falcolm," he said, with a meaning smile.

That day, Editha's gray-haired father was arrested upon a charge of treason, and immured in the tower. His trial and condemnation to the block speedily followed, and, almost crazed with grief, the girl sought the king.

She offered to take her father's place, and give her young life for his; and the accursed monarch, told her that the bestowal of her hand upon Sir Falcolm would secure her father's liberation.

Instantly her cheeks paled at the thought of becoming the bride of such a man; but, though she knew that it would break her heart and make her an early tenant of the tomb, she consented.

"Now let me liberate him with my own hands!" she cried. "Let me—his child—bring the first ray of sunshine to his heart."

The monarch, ignorant of the state of affairs in the earl's cell, acceded, and sent Editha to the Tower with a guard, and the keys in her own hands.

She reached her father's cell, and threw wide open the massive door.

"Fa—" The endearing name froze upon her lips at the sickening sight that met her gaze.

Stretched upon the floor, lifeless, yet still bleeding, lay the parent she came to liberate.

Murdered!

Upon the ghastly object she sunk insensible, and awoke to consciousness in her own chamber.

Falcolm's impatience had baffled him. Fearing that Editha would not exchange her hand for the liberation of her father, he had caused him to be murdered, unknown to the king, thinking that, in the midst of her grief, the poor girl would consent to become his.

The night following the burial of the basely murdered nobleman, Editha mysteriously disappeared.

Determined to find her, Sir Esterbrook let loose his spies, and after a week of search the hunt suddenly came to a termination.

They found the body of a woman floating in the Thames. The delicately-molded features were disfigured by the fishes; but Editha's well-known ring encircled one of the tiny fingers, and so the ghastly object was laid away in the family vault, where slumbered many a generation of Howards.

In a fit of insanity, occasioned by the death of her father, the beautiful one had taken her own life, and the cavalier, upon whose hands her innocent blood appeared, turned to new conquests.

One night, six years subsequent to the thrilling incidents related above, Sir Esterbrook Falcolm felt an arm thrust through his, as he walked in the court of the royal palace.

He turned, and beheld his friend, Sir Mortimer Vere.

"Ha! I have found thee at last!" cried Sir Mortimer. "I came to bear thee from the gay company assembled here."

"Whither, Sir Mortimer?" asked Falcolm. "By my troth, I was wishing for a change of scene when thou camest."

"I am going to consult Siballa, the sorceress, and would that thou wouldst accompany me."

"With all my heart, Mortimer," cried Falcolm. "I would know the future, which I have been told this woman can reveal."

"Ay, and tell thee of the past, too," said Sir Vere, as he led Falcolm from the merry company to the gloomy streets.

After a tedious walk, Sir Mortimer paused before a magnificent building, into which the twain were admitted, and, for the first time, Falcolm's gaze fell upon one who had truly read the past life of his king, and boldly prophesied his future.

She towered before a black caldron, in a brilliantly-lighted apartment, the velvet lined walls of which were covered with cabalistic horoscopes of remarkable characters.

She was gorgeously clad and deeply veiled. A wealth of tresses that almost swept the floor glittered like gold in the lamplight, and the exquisitely-chiseled arms, bare to the shoulder, excited the admiration of the curious cavalier.

In a mellow tone she spoke his name as he paused before the caldron, and bade him advance.

Sir Mortimer Vere remained at a respectful distance.

"Sir Esterbrook, I will read thy past, then thy future," she said, as a scarcely perceptible vapor rose from the depths of the ebony caldron.

The earl could not control his curiosity. He touched the rim of the vessel, and gazed into it, to behold a dense white smoke slowly ascending.

Siballa drew a ball of silken ribbon from her bosom and dropped it into the caldron, retaining one end of the string. Presently a little snake of deep green hue ascended the ribbon, which fell to pieces as he proceeded, and coiled around the sorceress' arm.

This singular action completed, Siballa opened her mouth and read Sir Esterbrook's past life with a correctness that startled him, and caused him to think the creature before him more than a woman.

"Now thy future!" she said, slowly and solemnly. "I read it in a single sentence: 'Sir Esterbrook Falcolm dies to-night!'"

The earl sprung from the caldron, and stared at the sorceress.

At that moment, as if by accident, Siballa's veil disappeared in the snowy smoke, and the cavalier found himself face to face with—Editha Howard!

An English oath parted his lips. He saw that he was entrapped, and, not caring how the girl had escaped his spies to become a noted sorceress, he drew his sword, and turned to Sir Vere.

"Traitor!" he hissed, "bar not my way to yonder portal!"

Sir Mortimer remained motionless as a statue, and before the enraged cavalier could make a pass, Editha's voice greeted his ears.

"Murderer! thy time has come," she cried, and he turned to behold the snake writhing in her grasp, far above her head.

He divined her intention; but ere he could plan a defense against the novel attack, she sent the green serpent hissing through the air, and it sunk its horrid fangs into his neck, around which it closely coiled.

He did not shriek, but, clenching wildly at space, staggered back, and, sinking slowly to the floor, was a corpse in a few moments.

After gazing a few moments at the cavalier's face, rapidly swelling to an unnatural size, Editha looked at Vere.

"Mortimer, we will go now."

Enveloping herself in a cloak, she took the earl's arm, and that night forever disappeared Siballa, the veiled sorceress.

Ever since the night upon which she found an unknown body in the Thames, and decked it with her ring, she worked for revenge which proved Falcolm's doom.

Far and wide Charles hunted for the slayer of his favorite, and never discovered that it was Editha Howard, living in France as the wife of Mortimer Vere, whom she had loved in girlhood's sunny hour.

Falschood.—Lying supplies those who are addicted to it with a plausible apology for every crime, and with a supposed shelter from every punishment. It tempts them to rush into danger from the mere expectation of impunity; and, when practiced with frequent success, it teaches them to confound the gradations of guilt, from the effects of which there is, in their imaginations, at least one sure and common protection. It corrupts the early simplicity of youth; it blazes the fairest blossoms of genius; and will most assuredly counteract every effort by which we may hope to improve the talents and mature the virtues of those it infects.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

How Old Grizzly "Kem by Brownie."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"YER see, boyces," said Old Grizzly—"yer see that it bekin to be neccessary fur me to hev some sort or other uv a understannin' w' ther 'Paches, fur, yer see, a feller can't tend to b'ars an' Injuns both at ther same time, er simultaneiously, es ther feller sez."

"Ayther one uv 'em an' enuff to drive most people outen ther' senses when they gits to cuttin' up ther' cantankerous tantrums, whichly they ar' monstrous apt to do jess when yer wants 'em to let yer alone er to be onto ther' best licks fur purty."

"That 'ar brown b'ar over yander in the corner, he ar' the cuss what helped me on w' the 'Paches, an' ther 'ar b'ar hev allers been ever since a favorite, an' savin' Ole Sapp, he do git ther biggest hunks uv buffalo uv enny uv ther balance."

"How did the circumstance transpire?" I gravely inquired, looking hard at the old bear-hunter, and with a perfectly straight face.

For more than a minute my old friend didn't speak, but, with a kind of half-wildered expression, he gazed into my face.

"How did which do what, Ralph, er did you speak?" he presently said.

The old sinner understood me, of course, but he hated "big words," as he called them, "wuss ner pizen," and he never would understand a question or remark like the above.

"Well, then, what had Brownie to do with the understanding between you and the Apaches?" I said.

"Now, that's talk, that ar', but what ther deuce yer'd call t'other palaver I doosen't know, ner I'm cussed if I wants to."

"Thar's Bruin; he will drap into ther away, on't in a while; but, dam my ole moccasins, ef I don't bust him uv it yit."

"But, Lordy, boyces, all this hyar hain't northin' to do w' ther brown b'ar thar an' ther 'Paches, hev it? Yer see, I jess warnted a b'ar like that 'un, an' so I puts off down ther Mimbroes whar they ranges, an' it warn't long afore I ketcht sight uv a bust-

thet 't'urn'l varmint as I hed been a-watchin' fur so long a-sittin' up onto his hams, fightin' the ar' w' his paws, an' showin' his ugly teeth at a purty leetle squaw as war stannin' a few foot off, durn nigh scart to death."

"She war what they calls par'ized; ther ar', she war so scart her underpinnin' would n't operate, an' consequently she couldn't git up an' gits. She warnted to powerful, but it warn't no go, an' the b'ar war creepin' in, leetle at a time, closer n' closer, an' purty soon hed 'a' re'ched out fur a good squar' lung."

"I see in a minit thet ther war the very b'ar I hed been lookin' fur. He war a beauty—thar he ar', an' yer kin jedge fur yerselves—an' I warn't goin' to spile his beauty by throwin' a half-ounce into his karkidge."

"But, then, somethin' hed to be did, er the squaw would be chawed to flinders, an' ther I warn't purposed fur to see."

"'Twar risky, monstrous risky, but I determined to close w' the beast an' see which war the best man uv the two."

"Shoutin' to the squaw to stand her groud, fur, yer see, the minit she'd a-started to run the b'ar 'd 'a' been into her, I let myself loose an' went down ther hill eekle to enny—what d'ye call 'em, Ralph?"

"Avalanche."

"Yes, one uv them, an' when me an' the avalanche struck the b'ar, I reckon he kinder thort ther war a passel uv airtquake mixed up into it."

"Then me an' the critter closed, teeth an' toenail, an' I jest supposes thet the darndest four war then begun ther ever thet 'Pache squaw seed, ennyhow."

"But, she war game, the squaw I means; for, 'stead uv runnin' away, she out w' her knife, an' it war all I could do to keep her frum jabbin' it into the b'ar an' sp'ilin' the hull thing."

"When she see what I warnted, she scooted up to ther top uv ther rise an' sot up a peculiar kind uv yellin', an' kep' it up till I thort she'd sartainly bust her runnet, er somethin' else, only she didn't."

"While she war a-yowlin', me an' the b'ar war hev'n a lively time uv it all to ourselves, though I do reckon the b'ar hed most uv it."

"Lordy! how he did chaw an' scratch an' hug this chile! an' we hedn't been at it long afore I begun ter think as how I'd be powerful satisfied w' jess on'y the b'ar's hide 'bout takin' uv him alive."

"Bout ther time I war weak'nin', an' hed got out my knife to finish the bizness, hyar kem about twenty 'Pache warriors, yellin' an' howlin' like ole scratch war arter 'em."

"They'd 'a' made short work uv the b'ar ef it hedn't 'a' been fur the squaw, who tole 'em to help me rope the varmint alive."

"Wi' thar help thet warn't much uv a job, an' afore the b'ar war fully knowin' to what war up, he war tied neck an' heels, an' layin' fast onto the rocks."

"I war right smartly wounded, wuss'n I thort fur, but arter the squaw, who belonged to the lead chief, his first wife, I b'leave, hed tole 'em how I saved her frum the varmint, they tole me over to ther village an' sot thar big medicine to work curin' up my cuts an' scratches."

"Well, when I got onto my legs ag'in, thar war a big pow-wow, an' it war agreed, seem' I hed saved the life of the chief's favorite squaw, thet the 'Pache nation shed let me an' my b'ar alone, an' I kin say fur 'em, thet ther ere part uv the tribe, the Mount'n 'Paches, hev kept thar barg'in."

"When I left 'em I took my b'ar along, an' thet's how I kem by Brownie an' made ther treaty uv peace."

The Romance of Husking Corn.—Honestly, and all rural proclivities apart—I do not think that husking corn is very likely to promote the flow of the tender sentiments. It is simply hard work; especially when we come to count up a score or so of bushels. It is another instance in which the printed pastoral is far more attractive than the actual pastoral. A roomy old barn, with the blithe sunlight pouring in, and lighting up the golden locks of Joan, who wears brocade and sits magnificently near by, might make the work tolerable. But with half a hundred damp shocks standing away in an angle of the corn-field, with a biting northwester whistling among them—fingers benumbed, a thumb worn bare by its wrestle with the rasping husks, and Joan (if she be there at all) sitting on a cow-stool, and with nose pinched fearfully by the October chilliness—the affair wears quite other aspects. The realists, if they venture upon the subject, may rely upon these latter data as correct. What, too, if Joan be red-nosed and ugly? She may not make a fine figure in a corn-field or in a picture; but even ugly Joan may so illumine that home of hers with smiles, with cheery activity, with delicate and unflinching attention to all home interests, as to make an atmosphere about her in which she moves transfigured, and seems ever as beautiful as the morning.

Short Stories from History.

Punishing Pirates.—The English nation, ever so eager to revenge a wrong done to its flag or its subjects, is strangely excited when another nation does the same thing from the same motive. It catches Penian adventurers, or Irishmen in revolt, and gives them the utmost rigor of the law; but when we, in this country, talked of visiting condign punishment upon the conquered secession revolutionists, the English people were fired with pious indignation at the "barbarous spirit which the victors betrayed!"

We now have a Korean war upon our hands. A set of pirates in the North China seas have, for years, murdered shipwrecked mariners, and pillaged every exposed craft; so, imitating the British mode of suppressing the piracy of the Malays and Chinese, one generation ago, our navy was "pitched into" the Koreans to punish them into decency. Of course, John Bull will have and growl over our mode of doing it; but, judging from what we hear and see, the bloody-minded, half-savage race will be severely punished, whether Great Britain is willing or unwilling.

How the English served their old enemies, the Algerians, we can see from the following passages in history:

In 1665, Admiral Blake was sent into the Mediterranean, at the head of a powerful fleet to obtain satisfaction for various injuries done to the persons and property of English subjects during the civil wars. He first reduced Algiers to submission; and then entering the Bay of Tunis, demanded reparation for the robberies committed upon the English by the pirates of that place, and insisted that the captives of his nation should be set at liberty. The governor, having planted batteries along the shore, and drawn up his ships under the castles, sent Blake a haughty and insolent answer:

"There are our castles of Goletta and Porto Ferino," said he, "on which you may do your worst;" adding other menaces and insults, and maintaining in terms of ridicule the inequality of a fight between ships and castles.

Blake had also demanded leave to take in water, which the barbarian refused. Tired with this inhuman treatment, he curled his whiskers, as was his custom when he was angry, and entering Porto Ferino with his great ships, discharged his shot so fast upon the batteries and castles that in two hours the guns were dismantled, and the works forsaken, though he was first exposed to the fire of sixty cannon. He then ordered his officers to send out their long-boats, well manned, to seize wine of the piratical ships lying in the roadstead, while he continued himself firing upon the castle. The order was so bravely executed, that, with the loss of only twenty-five men, killed and forty-eight wounded, all the ships were fired in the sight of Tunis. Sailing thence to Tripoli, he concluded a peace with that nation; then returning to Tunis, he found nothing but submission. Such, indeed, was his reputation, that he met with no further opposition, but went about collecting a kind of tribute from the princes of the Mediterranean, from whom it was his business to demand reparation for all the injuries offered to the English during these civil wars. He sent home, it is said, sixteen ships, laden with the effects which he had recovered from the several states. It was after reading one of Blake's dispatches announcing these successes, that Cromwell made use of his memorable expression that "he hoped to make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been."

Rigorous Discipline.—One thing which has made the German a military race is their remarkable devotion to discipline. They came honestly by it, for Frederick the Great, the father of the military system which has recently made Germany the greatest nation in Europe, was one of the most rigid disciplinarians that ever commanded an army; and although he was not deficient in humanity, yet in order to preserve strict subordination in his army, he sometimes acted with a degree of severity that would appear cruel to others. When he was once persuaded of what he conceived to be the necessity of any measure, and he had formed his plan, he stifled in his soul every emotion of tenderness which might interfere in its execution. Never, in the hour of his greatest reverses, when his kingdom seemed melting away beneath his very feet, did this wonderful man hesitate to subordinate all things to discipline and duty. Of this severity the following are two striking instances:

A common soldier of the battalion of guards, was so familiar with the king, that he had the liberty of entering his chamber without being announced. He often used this liberty in asking money of Frederick, which he generally spent in the alehouse. Whenever the king refused what he asked for, saying he had no money, the soldier would reply, "Fritz, look into my leather purse, and you will there find some few ducats remaining." This soldier being one day on guard, had a dispute with his officer, and presented his bayonet, as if he intended to stab him. The officer caused him to be arrested, and the matter was reported to the king, who ordered him to be tried for the offense. The council of war condemned him to die, and the sentence being brought to the king, he signed it without saying a word. Every one supposed he would receive the king's mercy, and the criminal was himself so much convinced of it, that he made no preparations for death; and even to the very moment of his execution, he supposed that they meant only to punish him by fear. However, he was deceived, and executed.

In the first war of Silesia, the king being desirous of making, in the night time, some alterations in his camp, ordered that, under pain of death, neither fire nor candle should be burning in the tents after a certain hour. He went round the camp himself, to see that his orders were obeyed; and, as he passed by Captain Zietern's camp, he perceived a light. He entered, and found the captain sealing a letter, which he had just finished writing to his wife, whom he tenderly loved. "What are you doing there?" said the king. "Do not you know the orders?" Zietern threw himself at his feet, and begged mercy, but he neither could nor attempted to deny his fault. "Sit down," said the king to him, "and add a few words I shall dictate." The officer obeyed, and the king dictated: "To-morrow I shall perish on a scaffold." Zietern wrote it, and he was executed the next day.